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MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS

Of his late Excellency

Matthew Prior, Esq;

Consisting of

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

VIZ.

EPISTLES, TALES, SATIRES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

With some Select LATIN PERFORMANCES.

Now first published from His

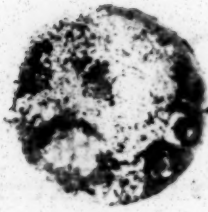
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Revised by Himself, and Copied fair for the Press,
By Mr. ADRIAN DRIFT, His Executor.

D U B L I N :

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W. D. S.

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P. O. F. 123

SEVERAL DECISIONS

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ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

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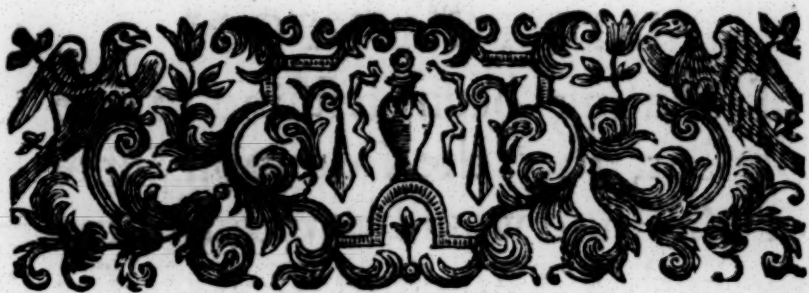
D. B. S. 123

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For C. R. ...

...

...



TO
HIS GRACE
L I O N E L
Duke of *D O R S E T*.

My LORD,

A Dedication is usually a Free-will Offering of the Writer, whose Choice of a Patron depends entirely on his own Opinion, or that of his Acquaintance. Had this Liberty

iv DEDICATION.

of chusing been left me in the present, tho' the Common Sense of Mankind would have furnished me with a Thousand Motives for fixing on Your Grace, I should yet have enjoyed the Satisfaction of applauding my own happy Ambition, while all the World had acknowledged it could not be more justly directed. But this, My Lord, is so far from being the Case, that I might even have been accused of hazarding the Reputation of the following valuable Remains, notwithstanding their intrinsic Merit, and the distinguishing Marks they bear of the inimitable Hand which produced them, had I prefix'd to this Collection any other Name than that of the Duke of DORSET. It is owing to the solemn and public Assignments of their immortal

tal

DEDICATION. v

tal Author, and not to any Judgment or Care of an obscure Editor, that these Miscellaneous Pieces of the late Mr. PRIOR are made to shelter themselves under Your Grace's Protection.

So much is Your Grace the known Friend of Mankind, that it would be an Injustice to question Your being pleased with this Publication, from which so much Pleasure must accrue to all the Admirers of True Sense and Delicate Wit. I will not detain You therefore with an Apology, for what I cannot imagine You will think has need of any. Happy as You are in having grown up to that Standard of Virtue, (a Standard so much above the Common in this or any other Age) which

vi DEDICATION.

was many Years ago marked out for You by that Excellent Person whom we now commemorate, and who lived Himself to see his Wishes herein accomplished, I have only to join my Prayers with Those of all honest *Britons*, that You may long continue a Blessing to Your Country, and an Ornament to the High Stations You were born to possess; and to subscribe Myself,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted,



Humble Servant,

J. Bancks.

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



DAPHNE and APOLLO.

TRANSLATED

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Nympha, Precor, PENEI mane ———
OVID. Met. Lib. I.

STAY, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow not a foe.
Thus from the lion, trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb re-
moves,
And, from pursuing faulcons, fearful doves,
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shou'd'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.

Perhaps





DAPHNE and APOLLO.

IMITATED

By Mr. *P R I O R*.

Nympha, Precor, PENEI mane.—

OVID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head,
With kind regard a panting lover view,
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue;
Pathless alas, and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (*Aside.*)

This care is for himself, as sure as death,
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t' other round,
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

10 *DAPHNE and APOLLO.*

Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state,
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey,
 These hands the Patareian scepter sway.
 The King of Gods begot me : what shall be,
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
 Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre ;
 Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers I inspire.
 Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ;
 But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
 Med'cine is mine ; what herbs and simples grow
 In fields and forests, all their pow'rs I know ;
 And am the great physician call'd, below.
 Alas that fields and forests can afford
 No remedies to heal their love-sick Lord !
 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails :
 And his own phyfic ; the physician fails.

She heard not half ; so furiously she flies ;
 And on her ear, th' imperfect accent dies.
 Fear gave her wings ; and as she fled, the wind
 Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind :
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view ;
 Which made the God more eager to pursue.
 The God was young, and was too hotly bent
 To lose his time in empty compliment.

But



DAPHNE and *APOLLO*. 11

A P O L L O.

You fly, alas, not knowing who you fly,
Nor ill bred swain, nor rusty clown am I;
I *Claros-isle*, and *Tenedos* command—

D A P H N E.

Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.

A P O L L O.

What is to come, by certain arts I know :

D A P H N E.

Pish, *PARTRIDGE* has as fair pretence as you:

A P O L L O.

Behold the beauties of my locks. (*DAPH.*) A fig—
That may be counterfeit, a *Spanish-Wig*;
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare.

A P O L L O.

I sing. (*DAPH.*) That never shall be *DAPHNE'S*
choice,

SYPHACIO had an admirable voice.

A P O L L O.

Of ev'ry herb I tell the mystic pow'r,
To certain health the patient I restore,
Sent for, caress'd ; (*DAPH.*) Ours is a wholesome air,
You'd better go to town and practise there :
For me, I've no obstructions to remove,
I'm pretty well, I thank your father *JOVE*,
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOL.

But led by love, and fir'd with such a fight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed, does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the fitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix;
She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and such the flying fair.
She urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move;
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fast'ning on the wish'd embrace.
The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight:
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
O! help, she cry'd, in this extreamest need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
O change my form, whence all my sorrows come.

Scarce

DAPHNE and *APOLLO*. 13

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd fine verses I compose,

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux,
Memorials only, and reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.—

DAPHNE.

Then leaving me whom sure you wou'd n't kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill,
Shoot there at beasts, but for the human heart
Your cousin *CUPID* has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid, yet deign to hear
A love-sick Deity's impetuous pray'r;
O let me woo thee as thou wou'dst be woo'd.

DAPHNE.

First therefore don't be so extremely rude;
Don't tear the hedges down, and tread the clover,
Like a hobgoblin rather than a lover;
Next to my father's grotto sometimes come,
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics, how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po.

}
}
As

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground?
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The smoothness of her skin, remains alone.

Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her boll, his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part:
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fixt his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God, because thou can'st not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after Poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;
When poms shall in a long procession pass.
Wreath'd on the posts before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said;
And shook the shady honours of her head.



As any maid or footman comes or goes
 Pull off your hat, and ask how *DAPHNE* does :
 These sort of folks will to each other tell
 That you respect me ; That, you know, looks well :
 Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
 That rules the day, and much upon the road,
 You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
 That you may bring one home from Africa ;
 Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
 And now and then a jewel from the east,
 A lacquer'd-cabinet, some China-ware,
 You have them mighty cheap at Pekin-fair.
 Next, *Nota Bene*, you shall never rove,
 Nor take example by your father *Jove*.
 Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
 Make me your, lord what startles you, your wife ;
 I'm now, they say, sixteen, or something more,
 We mortals seldom live above fourscore ;
 Fourscore, y' are good at numbers, let us see,
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three,
 Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me.
 Mean time if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
 Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life,
 They'll quickly end you see, what signify
 A few odd years to you that never die ;

And

16 *DAPHNE* and *APOLLO*.

And after all y' are half your time away,
 You know your business takes you up all day,
 And coming late to bed you need not fear,
 Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear.
 Or if a winter-evening shou'd be long
 E'en read your physic book, or make a song.
 Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
 May take up any honest God-head's time,
 Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
 And let another *DAPHNE* have her reign,
 Now love, or leave, my dear: retreat, or follow,
 I *DAPHNE*, this premis'd, take thee *APOLLO*,
 And may I split into ten thousand trees
 If I give up, on other terms than these.

She said, but what the am'rous God reply'd,
 So fate ordain'd, is to our search deny'd,
 By rats alas! the manuscript is eat,
 O cruel banquet which we all regret;
BAVIUS, thy labours must this work restore,
 May thy good will be equal to thy pow'r.

Considerations on part of the 88th Psalm.
A College Exercise. 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan ;
And ev'ry place is hell ; for God is gone.
O! Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul
Those horrid clouds, that press my frightened soul :
Save the poor wand'rer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
Is mercy there ; or sweet forgiveness found ?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of pow'r.

III.

Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.

O let

O let thy terrors, and my anguish end !
 Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend :
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of love.

On the Taking of NAMUR, 1692.

THE town which LOUIS bought, NASSAU
 reclaims,
 And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
 Now LOUIS take thy titles from ABOVE,
 BOILEAU shall sing, and we'll believe thee JOVE.
 JOVE gained his mistress with alluring gold,
 But JOVE like THEE was impotent and old:
 Active and young he did like WILLIAM stand,
 And stunn'd the DAME, his THUNDER in his HAND.

*PROLOGUE, spoken by Lord BUCK-
 HURST, at Westminster-School, at a
 Representation of Mr. DRYDEN'S
 CLEOMENES, The Spartan HE-
 RO. At CHRISTMAS, 1695.*

PISH, Lord, I wish this PROLOGUE was but
 GREEK,
 Then young CLEONIDAS would boldly speak:

But

But can Lord BUCKHURST in poor ENGLISH say,
Gentle Spectators pray excuse the play ? *

No, witness all ye GODS of ancient GREECE,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on CHRISTMAS-DAY,
Or construe PERSIUS while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown.
Poor rogues that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.

But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our TRAGEDY to see our FRIENDS :
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes our selves we bought,
Our TOPS neglected, and our BALLS forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snored whilst CLEOMENES read ;
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd ; we know our selves and you :
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
For those are WESTMINSTER and SPARTA's laws.

* Mr. PRIOR made use of a few lines in this PROLOGUE, in ONE made for Lord DUPLIN, who acted the PAGE in the ORPHAN, 1720. See his Poems, Vol. III. pag. 50, 12mo.

Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
 That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
 That greatest Souls to goodness only bow ;
 And that your little HERO does inherit
 Not CLEOMENES more than DORSET's spirit.

*Written at the HAGUE, in the Year
 1696.*

WHILE with labour assid'ous
 due pleasure I mix,

And in one day atone
 for the bus'ness of fix,

In a little Dutch-chaife
 on a Saturday night,

On my left hand my HORACE,
 a NYMPH on my right.

No Memoire to compose,
 and no Post-Boy to move,

That on Sunday may hinder
 the softness of love ;

For her, neither visits,
 nor parties of tea,

Nor the long-winded cant
 of a dull refugee.

This

This night and the next
shall be her's, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune
the third we resign :
Thus scorning the world,
and superior to fate,
I drive on my car
in proceSSIONAL state ;
So with PHIA thro' Athens
PYSISTRATUS rode,
Men thought her MINERVA,
and him a new GOD.
But why should I stories
of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love,
and were partial to verse,
Since none can with justice
my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned
in int'rest and prose :
By Greece and past ages,
what need I be try'd,
When the Hague and the present,
are both on my side,

And

And is it enough,
 for the joys of the day ;
 To think what ANACREON,
 or SAPPHO would say.
 When good VANDERGOES,
 and his provident VROUGH,
 As they gaze on my triumph,
 do freely allow,
 That search all the province,
 you'd find no man there is
 So blest'd as the *Englishe Heer*
 S E C R E T A R I S.

*To a Child of Quality five Years old,
 the Author forty, 1704. **

I.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the num'rous
 band,

That wear the fair miss MARY's † fetters,
 Were summon'd by her high command,
 To shew their passions by their letters.

* Mr. PRIOR was born in the year 1664.

† We presume this young LADY was one of the
 DORSET-FAMILY.

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Shou'd dart their kindling fires, and look,
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds,
With all the tender things, I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair.

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the strictest prudes shou'd know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too alas ! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For

VII.

For as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd fate but mend it,
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

The MICE, A TALE.

TO

Mr. ADRIAN DRIFT.

TWO MICE (dear boy) of genteel fashion,
 And (what is more) good education,
 Frolic and gay, in infant years,
 Equally shar'd their Parents cares.
 The fire of these two babes (poor creature)
 Paid his last debt to human nature ;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three male, one female kind.
 The fire b'ing under ground, and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd ;
 Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors,
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refus'd ; and show'd
 She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother,

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought,
Has thousand, and ten thousand, fancies brought;
Tell me, O! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs,
Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
Cloyster'd from common joys, and just delights:
How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts, and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first care by num'rous griefs oppress'd,
Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old Age.
Tho' not inspir'd, O! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee,
Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt,
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this? is this your fable?
Believe me MATT, it seems a bauble,

B

IF

If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then dear brother, —

As sure as HUDI's † sword could swaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle,
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted, (did they so an't please you)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you;
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
HORACE and PRIOR tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
(Superior far to all the fages.)
Many days past, and many a night,
E're they could gain each others fight;
At last in weather cold (not sultry)
They meet at the Three-Cranes in Poultry.
After much bus, and great grimace,
(Usual you know in such a case)
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's fun;

† *i. e.* HUDIBRAS.

Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mobbs rudeness,
That ended ; o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by preheminance
In years, tho' (God knows) not in sense ;
All's gone dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity ;
Marry you brother ; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table,
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother, and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it,
Or may I perish by this claret.
The dice are thrown, chuse this or that,
('Tis all alike to honest M A T T)
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portugeze,
Some wine, the younger thus replies.

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage,

Get me a boy call'd ADRIAN,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart-free from care, as purse from money,
Resolving full to please his taudy,
He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body ;
At last when teeming time was come,
Out came her burden from her womb,
It prov'd a lusty squalling boy,
(Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy.)
In short, to make things square and even,
ADRIAN he nam'd was by DICK, STEPHEN.
MATT's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a Bill of charges,
A cradle (brother) and a basket,
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling,
These too were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
Nay add to these the fine gum-rubber ;
Yet these won't do, send t' other coat,
For (faith) the first e'nt worth a groat,
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable and stronger ;

Send

Send it next week, if you are able,
By this time, Sir, you know the fable ;
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-fake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it,
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London ;
MOLLY sends greeting, so do I Sir,
Send a good coat, that's all, good b'ye Sir.

Yours entirely,

M A T T H E W.

Wednesday Night
10 o' Clock, Feb. 16, 170³.

Two RIDDLES, 1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat,
 Whatever stranger she could get ;
 Unless his ready wit disclos'd
 The subtle riddle she propos'd.

OEDIPUS was resolv'd to go,
 And try what strength of parts would do :
 Says SPHINX on this depends your fate ;
 Tell me what animal is that,
 Which has four feet at morning bright,
 Has two at noon, and three at night ?
 'Tis MAN, said he, who weak by nature,
 At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
 Upon all four, as years accrue.
 With sturdy steps he walks on two :
 In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
 For his third leg adopts the stick.

Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
 You should resolve me, Madam SPHINX,
 What greater stranger yet is he,
 Who has four legs, then two, then three ;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four. †

† A Prime-Minister.

A F A B L E.

*Personam Tragicam forte vulpes viderat,
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet !*

PHÆDR.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round :
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old PHÆDRUS heard him say :
*What noble part can'st thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain ? †*

† Author of the MEDLEY. 1710.

*The VICEROY. A BALLAD.
To the Tune of the Lady ISABELLA's
Tragedy : Or : The Step-Mother's
Cruelty.*

I.

OF NERO, tyrant, petty king,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

II.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear,
So ill he exercis'd his pow'r,
That he himself did fear.

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal,
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthrall.

IV.

He with a haughty impious nod
Would curse and dogmatize,
Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

V.

A patriot of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

And

VI.

And arm'd with truth impeach'd the Don,
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rimes,

VII.

The articles † recorded stand,
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor GAPHNY's fall.)

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

† *Sabbati 16. die Decembris 5 Gulielmi & Mariæ*
1693.

X.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia,
Th' illegal oath to take.

XI.

Free-quarters for the army too,
He did exact and force,
On Protestants, his love to show,
Than Papists us'd them worse.

XII.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick.

XIII.

The suttlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

XIV.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die,
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor Famine cou'd they fly.

XV.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see,
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief pardie.

XVI.

That above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council fitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree.

XVII.

That he, O! Ciel, without trial,
Straitway shou'd hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet NERO judge wou'd be.

No

XVIII.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The Borreau did his worst,
GAPHNY alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

XIX.

In this concise, despotic way,
Unhappy GAPHNY fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He set'led on his fav'rite dear,
And CULLIFORD can say't.

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To FIELDING his own scribe,
Who was his bail, one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile,
None did him prosecute,
His old friend helpt him o'er the stile,
With SATAN who'd dispute?

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on,
Had any other don't, I trow,
To Tripes he had gone.

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rouslly,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly,
O thief without compare.

XXV.

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzel and purloin,
Of the King's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

XXVI.

The forfeited estates also,
 Both real and personal,
 Did with the stores together go,
 Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all.

XXVII.

Mean while the soldiers figh'd and fobb'd,
 For not one soufe had they,
 His EXCELLENCE' had each man fobb'd,
 For He had sunk their pay.

XXVIII.

NERO, without the least disguise,
 The Papiſts at all times
 Still favour'd, and their robberies
 Look'd on as trivial crimes.

XXIX.

The Proteſtants whom they did rob,
 During his government,
 Were forc'd with patience, like good JOE,
 To reſt themſelves content.

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy,
The Romans he still well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this VICEROY did reign,
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The best of QUEEN's he hath revil'd,
Before, and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd,
When she resign'd her breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind,
She had on him bestow'd,
Like LUCIFER, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor Her nor God.

But

XXXIV.

But listen NERO, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what BRITANNIA says with tears,
Of ANNA, dead and gone.

XXXV.

“ O ! sacred be Her memory,
“ For ever dear her name,
“ There never was, or e’er can be,
“ A brighter, juster, DAME.

XXXVI.

“ Blest be my SONS, and eke all those,
“ Who on Her praises dwell,
“ She conquer’d Britain’s fiercest foes,
“ She did all Queens excel.

XXXVII.

“ All Princes, Kings, and Potentates,
“ Ambassadors did send,
“ All nations, provinces, and states,
“ Sought ANNA for their friend.

XXXVIII.

- " In ANNA They did all confide,
" For ANNA They could trust,
" Her royal faith they all had try'd,
" For ANNA still was just.

XXXIX.

- " Truth, Mercy, Justice, did surround
" Her awful judgment-seat,
" In her the GRACES all were found,
" In ANNA all compleat.

XL.

- " She held the sword and ballance right,
" And fought Her people's good,
" In clemency she did delight ;
" Her reign not stain'd with blood.

XLI.

- " Her gracious goodness, piety
" In all her deeds did shine,
" And bounteous was her charity,
" All attributes divine.

" Consummate

XLII.

- “ Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
“ Adorn’d the words she spoke,
“ When they from her fair lips did fall,
“ And sweet her lovely look.

XLIII.

- “ Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
“ She caus’d dire war to cease,
“ A greater Empress ne’er was known,
“ She fix’d the world in peace.

XLIV.

- “ This last and Godlike-act achiev’d,
“ To Heav’n She wing’d Her flight,
“ Her loss with tears all Europe griev’d,
“ Their strength, and dear delight.

XLV.

- “ Leave we in bliss this heav’nly SAINT,
“ Revere ye just Her urn,
“ Her virtues high and excellent,
“ ASTREA gone we mourn.

“ Commemorate

XLVI.

“ Commemorate my SONS the day,
“ Which gave great ANNA birth,
“ Keep it for ever, and for aye,
“ And annual be your mirth. ”

XLVII.

Illustrious GEORGE now fills the throne,
Our wise, benign, good king,
Who can his wond'rous deeds make known?
Or his bright actions sing ?

XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite NERO, he has deign'd,
To raise to high degree,
Well Thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well voucht Thy ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass——These Honours on Thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white,
Don't GAPHNY's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright ?

O ! is

L.

O ! is there not, grim mortal tell,
Places of blifs and wo ?

O ! is there not a Heav'n, a Hell ?
But whither wilt thou go ?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind ?
Wilt Thou for ever rail ?
The prophet on Thee well refin'd,
And fet thy wit to sale.

LII.

How Thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be,
Thy conduct all just Men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

LIII.

Dame Justice waits Thee well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high,
Nought can thee from Her vengeance screen,
Nor can'st Thou from Her fly.

LIV.

Heavy Her ire will fall on THEE,
The glitt'ring steel is sure,
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

LV.

To Her I leave Thee, gloomy PEER,
Think on Thy crimes committed,
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be DE-WITTED.

A SONG set by Mr. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
Wine breeds vices and diseases,
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
Only FRIENDSHIP truly pleases :
My wealth, my books, my flask, my MOLLY,
Farewel all, if FRIENDSHIP ceases,

Upon

Upon this passage in SCALIGERIANA.

*Les Allemans ne se soucient pas quel
Vin ils boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin,
ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce
soit Latin.*

WHEN you with High-Dutch HEEREN dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd Wine,
They never Taste who always Drink,
They always Talk who never Think.

An EPIGRAM.

I.

WHEN NELL, given o'er
by the doctor, was dying,
And JOHN at the chimney
stood decently crying,
'Tis in vain said the WOMAN,
to make such ado,
For to our long home,
we must all of us go.

II.

True NELL, reply'd JOHN,
but what yet is the worst

For us that remain,
the best always go first ;
Remember, dear wife,
that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer,
and I my brown mare.

A N O T H E R.

W H E N B I B O thought fit
from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne,
as an egg's full of meat ;
He wak'd in the boat,
and to C H A R O N he said,
He wou'd be row'd back,
for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet,
stern C H A R O N reply'd,
You may have forgot,
you were drunk when you dy'd.

O D E A T H .

P O E M S
A N O T H E R.

I.

O DEATH how thou spoil'st
the best projects of life,
Said GABRIEL, who still
as he bury'd One wife,
For the sake of her family marry'd her cousin;

II.

And thus in an honest
collateral line,
He still marry'd on
till his number was Nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his Dozen.

A N O T H E R.

HER time with equal prudence SILVIA shares,
First writes her Billet-doux, then says her pray'rs,
Her mass and toilet; vespers, and the play;
Thus GOD and ASHTAROTH divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week, and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
Loose without band, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal;

Envy

Envy her self from SILVIA's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern faint.

A N O T H E R.

QUOTH RICHARD in jest,
looking wistly at NELLY,
Methinks child you seem
something round in the belly:
NELL answer'd him snapishly,
How can that be?
My husband has been
more than two years at sea.
Thy husband! quoth DICK,
why that matter was carry'd
Most secretly, NELL,
I ne'er thought thou wer't marry'd.

Application of the TURTLE *and* SPAR-
ROW.*

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends,
To thee, my muse, this little tale commends;
Loving, and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, tho' deplore his fate.

* This TALE is the first Piece in Mr. PRIOR's
third Vol. 12mo. C Seem

Seem young, when old, in thy dear husband's arms,
 For constant virtue has immortal charms;
 And when I lie low sepulcher'd in earth,
 And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
 Vouchsafe to say e're I cou'd write or spell,
 The Bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
 Told me I should the prating SPARROW blame,
 And bid me imitate the TURTLE's fame.

C U P I D *in Ambush.*

IT oft to many has successful been,
 Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
 Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
 Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
 All public sports to favour young desire,
 With opportunities like this conspire ;
 Ev'n where his skill, the Gladiator shows,
 With human blood, where the Arena flows.
 There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing-Boy,
 Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy :
 While the spectator gazes on the fight,
 And sees 'em wound each other with delight.
 While he his pretty mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the conquest gains ;

Slily

Slily the GOD takes aim and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he fees he bears his part.

A S O N G.

I.

HASTE my NANNETTE,
My lovely maid,
Haste to the bower,
Thy swain has made.

II.

For thee alone
I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch
With many a flower.

III.

None but my Sheep
Shall near us come,
VENUS be prais'd,
My sheep are dumb.

IV.

Great GOD of love,
Take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf
From NANNETTE's flock.

V.

Guard thou the sheep,
 To her so dear,
 My own, alas!
 Are less my care.

VI.

But of the wolf,
 If thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us
 To call for aid.

VII.

For with her swain
 My love shall stay,
 Tho' the wolf stole,
 And the sheep stray.

Written in Imitation of a Greek Epigram.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the
 fold,
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
 " Call in ALCIDES, said a crafty priest,
 " Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."

No,

No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock to ruin me ;
To their commands I willingly resign,
Pow'r is their character, and patience mine :
Tho', troth to me, there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or Gods ?

*On a FART, let in the HOUSE of
COMMONS.*

READER I was born, and cry'd ;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like JULIUS CÆSAR's was My death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble ROMULUS and I ;
And when I dy'd, like FLORA fair,
I left the common-Wealth my heir.

CONSUMMATION. To a Friend:

WHEN JOVE lay blest in his ALCMÆNA's
charms,
Three nights, in One, he prest her in his arms ;

The sun lay set, and conscious nature strove
To shade her God, and to prolong his love.

From that auspicious night ALCIDES came,
What less could rise from Jove, and such a DAME?

May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir,
He strong as Jove, She like ALCEMÆNA fair:

}

*The FORTUNE-TELLER. To a
young Lady in search of her Destiny.*

YOU, MADAM, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know.
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as your's are only given
To chosen favourites of heaven.

But such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate:
For I would only know from art,
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;

No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My care deserve, or life concern ;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree :
For while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease :
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, nor art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove ?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste enquire,
How great, how wealthy, I shall be ?
O ! what is wealth or pow'r to me ?
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from You alone

An EPIGRAM.

P O O R H A L L caught his death
 standing under a spout,
 Expecting till midnight,
 when N A N would come out ;
 But fatal his patience,
 as cruel the Dame,
 And curst was the Weather
 that quench'd the Man's flame.
 " Who e'er thou art that reads these moral lines,
 " Make love at home, and go to bed betimes."

A N O T H E R.

P R O M E T H E U S forming Mr. D A Y,
 Carv'd something like a man in clay.
 The mortal's work might well miscarry ;
 He that does heav'n and earth controul,
 Has only pow'r to form a soul,
 His hand is evident in H A R R Y.
 Since One is but a moving clod,
 'T' Other the lively form of G O D,
 'Squire W A L L I S, you will scarce be able,
 To prove all poetry but fable.

The WANDERING PILGRIM. Humbly addressed to Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. Post-Master, and Pay-Master-General to Queen ANNE.

I.

WILL PIGGOT must to Coxwould go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless Sir THOMAS say No, no,
Th' Allowance is too scant.

II.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do,
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

III.

A Rechabite poor WILL must live,
And drink of ADAM's ale,
Pure-Element, no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

IV.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good;
Who diet's thus need never fear,
A fever in the blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, y' are in the right,
Prescriptions All can sell,
But he that does not eat can't sh * * *
Or pifs if good drink fail.

VI.

But pass—The Æsculapian-Crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

VII.

Could Yorkshire-Tyke but do the same,
Then He like Them might thrive,
But FORTUNE, FORTUNE, cruel DAME,
To starve Thou do'st Him drive.

VIII.

In WILL's Old master's plenteous days,
His mem'ry e'er be blest;
What need of speaking in his praise,
His goodness stands confess.

IX.

At His fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array,
CERES, and Hospitality,
Dwelt there both night and day.

X.

But to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must WILL's voucher be,
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is She.

XI.

There is but One, but One alone,
Can set the PILGRIM free,
And make him cease to pine and moan,
O! FRANKLAND it is THEE.

XII.

O! save him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he must hye,
Bereft of thee he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must dye.

XIII.

O! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what Thou may'st command,
Thus WILLIAM's wishes crown,

The

The ADVICE of VENUS.

THUS to the MUSES Spoke the CYPRIAN-
DAME ;

Adorn my altars, and revere my name.

My SON shall else assume his potent darts,

Twang goes the bow, my GIRLS, have at your
hearts.

The MUSES answer'd,——VENUS we deride,

The Vagrant's malice, and his Mother's pride.

Send him to NYMPHS who sleep on IDA's shade,

To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade :

Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,

On the instructive verse, and moral book ;

On female idleness his pow'r relies,

But when he finds us studying-hard he flies.

*CUPID turned Plowman. From the
Greek of MOSCHUS.*

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd :

Sly CUPID always on new mischief bent,

To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.

Like

Like any PLOWMAN toil'd the little GOD,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove.
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plow,
What once EUROPA was NANNETTE is now.

}

HUSBAND *and* WIFE. *An* EPI-
GRAM.

H. **O** WITH what woes am I oppress'd!

W. Be still you senseless Calf:
What if the Gods should make you blest?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:
But if they won't, I'll wail, and cry.

W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

To FORTUNE. Another.

WHILST I in Prison on a Court look down,
 Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
 In vain malicious FORTUNE, hast thou try'd,
 By taking from my state to quell my Pride :
 Insulting GIRL, thy present rage abate ;
 And would'st thou have me humble, make me GREAT.

Chast FLORIMEL.

I.

NO, I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
 E're any farther I comply ;
 O! Sir, no man on earth that breathes,
 Had ever yet his hand so high.

II.

O! take your sword and pierce my heart,
 Undaunted see me meet the wound ;
 O! will you act a TARQUIN's part ?
 A second LUCRECE you have found.

III.

Thus to the pressing CORYDON,
 Poor FLORIMEL, unhappy maid,
 Fearing by love to be undone,
 In broken, dying, accents said,

DELIA,

IV.

DELIA, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that sixteen months before,
Our LUCRECE had her second child.

V.

And, hark ye, Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging ;
Be civil here, or march abroad ;
Oblige the 'Squire, or quit the lodging.

VI.

O ! have I, 'FLORIMEL went on,
Have I then lost my DELIA's aid ?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friends she is betray'd ?

VII.

O ! curse on empty friendship's name ;
Lord, what is all our future view ?
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you.

VIII.

From DELIA's rage, and FORTUNE's frown,
 A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
 O! tip me but another Crown,
 Dear Sir, and make me Your's for ever.

Partial F A M E.

I.

THE sturdy MAN if he in love obtains,
 In open pomp and triumph reigns;
 The subtil WOMAN if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Tho' HE for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
 Tho' SHE can always keep the field,
 He vaunts His CONQUEST, She conceals her SHAME;
 How PARTIAL is the voice of FAME?

A SONG.

A SONG: *Set by Mr. PURCEL.*

I.

W^HITHER would my passion run,
Shall I fly Her, or pursue Her ?
Losing Her I am undone,
Yet would not gain Her to undo Her.

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and Reason ! cease your war,
And order Death to give me rest ;
So each will equal triumph share.

NON PAREIL.

I.

L^ET others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight ;
My PHILLIS does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.

II.

In Her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country-landscape grace ;
No shades so lovely as Her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as is Her face.

Lilies

III.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flow'ry field ;
Transparent is Her skin, so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

IV.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Tho' sung by nightingale or lark,
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them the sun is dark.

V.

Both light and vital heat they give,
Cherish'd by Them my love takes root,
From Her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant ; bears flow'rs, and fruit.

VI.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind ;
And made transgress our mother EVE :
Poison its core, tho' fair its rind.

Yet

VII.

Yet so delicious is it's taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Tho' I were sure 'twou'd end in pain.

Upon HONOUR. *A* FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest FAME,
I mean the substance, not the name ;
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
Of Ermin, Coronets, and Stars,
Which often is by merit fought,
By gold and flatt'ry oft'ner bought.
The shade, for which Ambition looks,
In SELDEN's † in ASHMOLE's * books :)
But the true glory which proceeds,
Reflected bright from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And KINGS can neither take nor give.

† TITLES of HONOUR.

* ORDER of the GARTER.

The Old GENTRY.

I.

THAT all from ADAM first began,
 None but ungodly WOOLSTON doubt;
 And that His son, and His son's son,
 Were all but plowmen, clowns, and louts.

II.

Each when his rustic pains began,
 To merit pleaded equal right,
 'Twas only who left Off at noon,
 Or who went On to work till night.

III.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
 And favour to a court's affection,
 By nature we are ADAM's sons,
 And sons of ANSTIS * by election.

IV.

KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
 Since thy forefathers held the plow,
 When this shall be in story told,
 Add, that my kindred do so now.

* GARTER King at ARMS.

V.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independant state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix, or change his fate.

The INCURABLE. An EPIGRAM.

PHILLIS you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain:
That with a frequent fever CLOE burns,
And STELLA's plumpness into dropfy turns.
O! PHILLIS, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But Thou for all Thy seeming health art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or BLACKMORE's skill;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
I tell Thee, 'Tis incurable——'tis AGE.



The Insatiable PRIEST.

I.

L UKE PREACH-ILL, admires what we laymen
can mean,

That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd;
He has but three livings, and would be a DEAN,
His wife dy'd this year, He has marry'd His maid.

II.

To suppress all His carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near;
And to take off His thought from the things of this
earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.

DOCTORS *Differ.* An EPIGRAM.

W HEN WILLIS of Ephraim heard † Ro-
CHESTER preach,

'Thus BENTLY said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'st Thou this Sermon? 'tis out of my reach.

His is One way, said WILLIS, and Ours is Another.
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

† Dr. ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester.

PONTIUS and PONTIA.

I.

PONTIUS, (who loves you know a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd, If that high fuzz of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your Own.

III.

Her own, most certain, t'other said,
For NAN, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd DUCAILLY.

IV.

PONTIA, (that civil prudent She,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in Her own defence)

Reply'd,

V.

Reply'd, These Friends of your's, my dear,
 Are given extremely much to satire,
 But pr'ythee husband, let one hear,
 Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
 That wou'd have spoil'd your friend's conceit ;
 Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
 Pray bring your brother-wits to see't.

Cautious A L I C E.

SO good a Wife doth LISSY make,
 That from all company She flieth.
 Such virtuous courses doth She take,
 That She all evil tongues defieth.
 And for her dearest Spouse's sake,
 She with His brethren only lieth.



*To a POET of QUALITY, Prai-
sing the Lady HINCHINBROKE.*

I.

OF thy judicious MUSE's sense,
Young HINCHINBROKE so very proud is,
That SACHARISSA, and HORTENSE,
She looks, henceforth, upon as Doudies.

II.

Yet She to ONE must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay Her duty,
She wonders praising WILMOT's wit,
Thou should'st forget His DAUGHTER's beauty,

An EPIGRAM.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content Ye:
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk, he practises
Full fourteen hours in four and twenty.

An ENIGMA.

BY birth I'm a slave,
yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours,
my self having none.
I'm obliged by just maxims
to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master,
and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming,
I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels
away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies,
I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds,
tho' ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades,
we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off
your lands from your hands.

But

But this fury once over,
I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more
than you do your own hearts.



LOVE's NIGHT-WALK.

FROM

ANACREON,

ODE III. By Mr. STANLEY. *

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
 Driven by the Waggoner :
 Men by powerful sleep opprest,
 Gave their busie troubles rest :
 Love, in this still depth of night,
 Lately at my house did light :
 Where perceiving all fast lockt,
 At the door he boldly knockt :
 Who's that (said I) that does keep
 Such a noise, and breaks my sleep ?
 Ope' faith Love, for pity hear ;
 'Tis a Child, thou need'st not fear,
 Wet and weary, from his way
 Led by this dark night astray :

* THOMAS STANLEY, Esq; Author of *The Lives of the Philosophers*, Translated all the ODES of ANACREON, BION, MOSCHUS, &c. in the year 1650. *Lib. rar. 8vo.*

CUPID *Turned* STROLLER:

FROM

ANACREON,

ODE III. By Mr. PRIOR.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong BOOTES turns the BEAR;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
CUPID was knocking at my gate;
Who's there, says I, who knocks so late?
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?
O fear not me a harmless guest,
He said, but open, open pray;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow:
In haste I ran, unlockt my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate;

D 3

I set

With compassion this I heard ;
Light I struck ; the door unbarr'd :
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears ;
Near the fire I made him stand ;
With my own I chaf't his hand ;
And with kindly busie care
Wrung the chill-drops from his hair :
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
Now faith he, tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet :
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart :
Leaping then, and laughing said,
Come my friend with me be glad ;
For my bow thou see'st is found,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.



I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair ;
Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine ;
All this did I with kind intent ;
But he, on wanton mischief bent
Said, dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow belongs to me :
Observe, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite :
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
Kind host adieu, we now must part,
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.



T R U T H *Told at* L A S T.

A N

E P I G R A M.

SAYS PONTIUS in rage,
contradicting his Wife,

“ You never yet told me

“ one Truth in your life : ”

Vext PONTIA no way

could this Thesis allow,

“ You’re a Cuckold, say’s she,

“ do I tell you Truth now ? ”

An E N I G M A.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We Sisters owe to art our second birth :

The Smith’s and Carpenter’s adopted Daughters,

Made on the land, to travel on the waters.

Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,

Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground :

They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,

Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

CHANSON

CHANSON FRANÇOISE.

I.

QU'E fais tu Bergere dans ce beau verger
Tu ne songe gueres à me soulager ?
Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur,
Prends belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur.

II.

Dequoy te plains tu malheureux Berger ?
Que n'ay-je point fait pour te soulager ?
J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,
Prends on tant de peine quand on n'aime rien.

A French SONG.

I.

WHY thus from the Plain does my Shepherdess
rove,
Forsaking Her swain, and neglecting His love ?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
O ! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray ;
D 5. Need

Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone,
 When I leave all the Plain, you may guess 'tis for
 ONE.

Two BEGGARS *Dsputing their*
 RIGHT *to an* OYSTER *they had*
Found; a LAWYER *thus decides the*
 CAUSE.

B LIND PLAINTIFF, lame DEFENDANT,
 share

The friendly LAWS impartial care.
 A SHELL for HIM, A SHELL for THEE,
 The MIDDLE is the LAWYER'S FEE.
 So Judge's WORD decrees the People's RIGHT,
 And MAGNA CHARTA is a PAPER-KITE.

H U M A N L I F E.

W H A T trifling coil do we poor mortals
 keep ;

Wake, eat, and drink, evacuate, and sleep.

A CASE STATED.

I.

NOW how shall I do with my love and my
pride,

Dear DICK * give me counsel, if Friendship has
any,

Pr'ythee purge, or let blood, surely RICHARD re-
ply'd,

And forget the Coquet in the arms of your
NANNY. †

II.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,

For the pains and the torments for more than a
year ;

She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,

That it wanted a fortnight to BARTLEMEW-
FAIR.

III.

My COWLEY, and WALLER, how vainly I quote,

While my negligent judge only Hears with her
Eye,

In a long flaxen-wig, and embroider'd new coat,

Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

* Mr. PRIOR's intimate Friend RICHARD SHEL-
TON, Esq ;

† Mrs. ANNE DURHAM.

On my BIRTH-DAY.

I.

I MY dear, was born to day,
 So all my jolly comrades say ;
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth :
 And ask to celebrate my birth,
 Little, alas ! my comrades know
 That I was born to pain and woe ;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn,
 Better I had ne'er been born,
 I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to day,
 Shall I salute the rising ray ?
 Wellspring of all my joy and woe,
 CLOTILDA, thou alone dost know.
 Shall the wreath surround my hair ?
 Or shall the music please my ear ?
 Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live ?
 Then let me see great VENUS chase
 Imperious anger from Thy face ;
 Then let me hear THEE smiling say,
 THOU, my dear, wert BORN TO DAY.

For my own MONUMENT.

I.

AS DOCTORS give physick by way of prevention,
MATT alive and in health, of his TOMB-
STONE took care,

For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.

II.

Then take MATT's word for it, the SCULPTOR is
paid,

That the FIGURE is fine, * pray believe your own
eye,

Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter our selves, and teach marble to lye.

III.

Yet counting as far as to FIFTY his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are,
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

* Alluding to the BUSTO, carved by the famous
Monsieur CORIVEAUX at Paris, on his Monument in
Westminster-Abby, as in the FRONTISPIECE.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree,
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he.

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view,
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So MATT may be kill'd, and his bones never found,
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be
drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his FAME.

To my Lord HARLEY. Extempore.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper send,
To the kind WIFE, the lovely FRIEND;
Smiling bid Her freely write,
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of Virtue, Goodness, Peace, and Love,
Thoughts which ANGELS may approve.

M. P.

*A LETTER to the Honourable Lady
Miss MARGARET-CAVENDISH-
HOLLES-HARLEY.*

MY noble, lovely, little PEGGY,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:

IN

In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre pere*;
 And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
 In ev'ry thing you do and say,
 Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
 So GOD shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
 No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
 And so I rest Your constant Friend,

}

M. P.

On the 11th Day of February, the Anniversary Birth-Day of the Right Honourable Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles-Harley, and her Daughter, 1718-19. By Mr. HARLEY.

I.

I WHO on rude, unpolish'd reed,
 Whilom untun'd an uncouth lay,
 And strove with weak, but zealous speed,
 To celebrate the sacred day.

Now

II.

Now more advent'rous grown presume,
To quit the sound of infant chimes,
And on a bold high-soaring plume,
Dare bring the gen'rous Dame my rhimes.

III.

What tho' no double-feast requir'd,
I should the hallow'd time rehearse ?
Yet oft' hath gratitude inspir'd,
Where nature hath deny'd a verse.

IV.

Yes--on the gentle Isis' banks,
When e'er I to the Muses came,
The wounded barks confest my thanks,
And shew my patroness's name.

V.

This spreading beach, Her lineage bears,
That, tells Her gen'rous virtuous breast,
This chearful oak inscrib'd, declares
The day She made Her HARLEY blest.

Where'er

VI.

Where'er I meet a softer bark,
 My PEGGY I do ne'er neglect,
 The tender plants proud of the mark,
 Grow equal with my just respect.

VII.

But would the FATES propitious prove,
 And once more hear our constant pray'r;
 O could They add One pledge of love,
 And crown all blessings with the Heir?

VIII.

Then I again would take the lyre,
 And boldly strike the speaking string,
 I'd tune my numbers to the SIRE,
 And HARLEY's self should hear ME sing.

IX.

Or rather him, great bard, I'd raise
 Poetic-Prince, hoary in fame,
 He, PRIOR hight, to endless days,
 He should transfix the INFANT's name.

He,

X.

He, he, should tune the well-strung lyre,
And honey from His lips diffuse,
Another HENRY might inspire,
Another EMMA be his Muse.

XI.

He should the BABE, the YOUTH, the MAN,
By just degrees form to a GOD,
And tell HIM——There the lov'd SIRE ran,
And there th' immortal GRANDSIRE trod.

TRUTH *and* FALSHOOD.

A T A L E.

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,

The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.

Thro' many a blooming mead They past,
And at a brook arriv'd at last.

The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,

Invited

92 *TRUTH and FALSHOOD.*

Invited each itin'rant maid
To rest a while beneath the shade ;
Under a spreading beach They sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat ;
Whilst each her character maintain'd ;
ONE spoke her thoughts ; the OTHER feign'd.

At length, quoth FALSHOOD, Sister TRUTH,
For so she call'd Her from Her youth,
What if to shun yon sult'ry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream ;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near ? —
With all my heart, the NYMPH reply'd,
And threw Her snowy robes aside,
Stript her self naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
FALSHOOD more leisurely undrest,
And laying by Her tawdry vest,
Trick'd herself out in TRUTH's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the FRAUDFUL DAME,
Of sacred TRUTH usurps the name,
And with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near to cheat mankind ;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain, pretended fears ;

In

TRUTH and FALSHOOD. 93

In visits, still appears most wise,
And rolls at church Her faint-like eyes.
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock * Her conscience pricks,
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets ope'd, and all unravell'd.
But on She will, and secrets tell
Of JOHN and JOAN, and NED and NELL,
Reviling every ONE She knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind,
It always runs before Her mind ;
As times do serve She flily pleads,
And copious tears fill shew Her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds. —
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
To-day a SAINT, to-morrow DEVIL.

}

Poor TRUTH She stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely MAID,
Who scorning from Her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since ;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by ALL who TRUTH revere.

* South-Sea.

NELLY's PICTURE.

A S O N G.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
This Nymph, or that Swain,
Dearest NELLY, the lovely, I'll sing;
She shall grace ev'ry verse,
I'll her Beauty rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion's divinely fair;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a Hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

III.

Her breath like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There CUPID discovers her charms ;
O! spare then the rest,
And think of the best :
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

V.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The GRACES play all round about her ;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wond'rouly pretty,
And there is no living without her.

PROLOGUE *for* DELIA'S
PLAY.

LADIES, to You with pleasure we submit,
This early offspring of a VIRGIN-WIT.
From your good nature nought our AUTHRESS fears,
Sure you'll indulge, if not the MUSE, her YEARS,
Freely the praise she may deserve bestow,
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow ;

Smile

Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let Critics follow RULES, she boldly writes
What NATURE dictates, and what LOVE indites.
By no dull forms her QUEEN and LADIES move,
But court their HEROES, and agnize their love.
Poor MAID ! she'd have (what e'en no WIFE would
crave)

A HUSBAND love his SPOUSE beyond the grave :
And from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things STEPMOTHERS are.
Howe'er, to CONSTANCY the PRIZE she gives,
And tho' the SISTER dies the BROTHER lives.
Blest with success, at last, he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his MISTRESS and a CROWN.
Learn, LADIES, then from LIDARAXA's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous Lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heav'n and Fate should adverse prove,
(For Fate and Heav'n don't always smile on love)
Learn with with ZELINDA to be still the same,
Nor quit your FIRST for any SECOND flame,

Whatever

Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven. †

To DELIA on Her PLAY.

WHAT! all OUR SEX in one sad hour
undone ?
Lost are our Arts, our Learning, our Renown,
Since Nature's tide of wit came rolling down.
Keen were your eyes we knew, and sure their darts,
Fire to our souls they send, and passion to our hearts!
Needless was an addition to such arms,
When all mankind were vassals to your charms :
That hand but seen gives wonder and desire,
Snow to the fight, but with it's touches fire !

† This PROLOGUE was for a TRAGEDY written by Mrs. MANLEY (Author of the ATLANTIS) when she was but eighteen Years of Age, in which Mr. BETTERTON and Mrs BARRY played the HERO and HEROINE.

Before this PLAY, intituled The ROYAL MISCHIEF, there is an excellent COPY of VERSES, to the AUTHOR, written by the Right Honourable JOHN, Marquis of NORMANDY, late Duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, which, being omitted in his Lordship's Works, I shall here give the Reader, as a truly valuable Curiosity.

Who sees thy YIELDING QUEEN and would
not be

On any terms, the blest, the happy HE?

Intranc'd we fancy all HIS extacy.

Quote OVID now no more ye am'rous swains,
DELIA than OVID has more moving strains,
Nature in Her alone exceeds all Art,
And nature sure does nearest touch the heart.

O! might I call the bright DISCOV'ER mine,

The whole FAIR SEX unenvy'd I'd resign :

Give all my happy hours to DELIA's charms,

SHE who by writing thus our wishes warms,

What worlds of love must circle in HER ARMS. *

* This PLAY is founded upon a Story in Sir JOHN CHARDIN's Travels into PERSIA, &c. but with this just Difference, that Poetical Justice attends the Criminals, whereas in the History they escape unpunish'd. It is Dedicated to his Grace WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE, 4to. 1696.

Mrs. MANLEY has likewise written A COMEDY, intituled, The LOST LOVER, Or, the JEALOUS HUSBAND. And, Another TRAGEDY, intituled, LUCIUS, the first Christian King of BRITAIN. To which Mr. PRIOR wrote the EPILOGUE.

Mrs. MANLEY's PLAYS and NOVELS, with her LIFE, written by HERSELF, will in a short Time be published in two Volumes.

AMARYLLIS.

A M A R Y L L I S.
A P A S T O R A L.

IT was the fate of an unhappy SWAIN
To love a NYMPH, the glory of the plain;
In vain he daily did his courtship move,
The NYMPH was haughty, and disdain'd to love.
Each morn as soon as the SUN's golden ray
Dispers'd the clouds, and chased dark night away,
The sad despairing Shepherd rear'd his head
From off his pillow, and forsook his bed.
Strait he search'd out some melancholy shade,
Where he did blame the proud disdainful MAID, }
And thus with cruelty did her upbraid :
Ah ! SHEPHERDESS will you then let me die ?
Will nothing thaw this frozen cruelty ?
But you, lest you should pity, will not hear,
You will not to my sufferings give ear ;
But adder-like to listen you refuse
To words, the greatest charm that man can use.
'Tis now noon-day, the Sun is mounted high,
Beneath refreshing shades the beasts do lie,

And seek out cooling rivers to assuage,
The Lion's sultry heat, and Dog-Star's rage :
The Oxen now can't plow the fruitful soil,
The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil.
Both beast and Men for work are now unfit,
The weary'd Hinds down to their dinner fit ;
Each creature now is with refreshment blest,
And none but wretched I, debarr'd of rest,
I wander up and down thro' desert lands,
On sun-burnt mountain-tops, and parched sands.
And as alone, restless I go along,
Nothing but eccho answers to my Song.
Had I not better undergo the scorn
Of JENNY ? is it not more easy borne ?
The cruelty of angry KATE ? altho'
That She is black, and you as white as snow.
O ! NYMPH don't, too much, to your beauty trust,
The brightest steel is eaten up with rust :
The whitest blossoms fall, sweet roses fade,
And you, tho' handsome, yet may die a maid.
With THEE I could admire a country life,
Free from disturbance, city noise, or strife :
Amongst the shady groves and woods we'd walk,
Of nothing else but love's great charms we'd talk,

We

We would pursue, in season, rural sports,
And then let knaves and fools resort to courts;
I could, besides, some country-presents find,
Could they persuade you, but to be more kind:
But since with scorn you do those gifts despise,
Another SHEPHERDESS shall gain the prize.
O! AMARYLLIS, beauteous Maid, observe,
The NYMPHS themselves are willing THEE to
serve,
See where large baskets full of flowers they bring,
The sweet fair product of th' indulgent spring.
See there the Pink, and the Anemony,
The purple Violet, Rose, and Jessamy.
See where they humbly lay their presents down,
To make a chaplet thy dear head to crown.
See where the beasts go trooping drove by drove,
See how they answer one another's love:
See where the Bull the Heifer does pursue,
See where the Mare the furious Horse does woo:
Each Female to her male is always kind,
And Women, only cruel Women blind,
Contradict that for which they were design'd.
So CORYDON loves an ungrateful Fair,
Who minds not oaths, nor cares for any prayer.

But see the SUN his race has almost run,
 And the laborious Ox his work has done.
 But I still love without the thought of ease,
 No cure was ever found for that disease,
 But CORYDON, what frenzy does thee cease?
 Why dost thou lie in this dejected way?
 Why dost thou let thy Sheep and Oxen stray?
 Thy tuneful Pipe, why dost Thou throw away?
 Had you not better dispossess your mind
 Of Her who is so cruel and unkind;
 Forget Her guile, and calm those raging cares,
 Take heart again, and follow your affairs,
 For what altho' this NYMPH does cruel prove,
 You'll find a thousand other Maids will love.

Upon Playing at OMBRE, with
Two LADIES.

I KNOW that FORTUNE long has wanted
 fight,
 And therefore pardon'd, when She did not right;
 But yet till then it never did appear,
 That as she wanted Eyes She could not Hear.

I begg'd

I begg'd, that She would give me leave to lose,
A thing She does not commonly refuse :
Two Matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my Luck's the same :
Unconquer'd in Three suits it does remain ;
Whereas I only ask in One to gain ;
Yet She still contradicting, Gifts imparts ;
And gives success in ev'ry suit——but HEARTS.



ODE. PROMESSE de L' AMOUR.

I.

HIER, L'AMOUR touché du Son
Que rendoit ma Lire qu'il aime,
Me promet pour une Chanson,
Deux Baisers de sa Mere mesme.

II.

Non, luy dis-je, tu sçais mes Vœux,
Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
Pour un seul Baïser de CLIMENE.

III.

Il me promet ce doux retour,
Ma Lire en eut plus de Tendresse ;
Mais vous, CLIMENE, de l' Amour
Acquitterez-vous la Promesse ?



C U P I D ' s P R O M I S E . .

P A R A P H R A S E D .

I.

S O F T C U P I D , wanton, am'rous Boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

II.

O ! raise thy voice, One S O N G I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious string,
To T H Y R S I S easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
T H Y R S I S thy due reward shall be,
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
P A R I S has vouch'd this Truth for me.

IV.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
That brightest C L O E rules my breast,
I'll sing thee Two instead of O N E ,
If Thou'l't be kind, and make me blest.

V.

One Kiss from CLOE's lips, no more
 I crave, He promis'd me success,
 I play'd with all my skill and power,
 My glowing passion to express.

VI.

But O! my CLOE, beauteous Maid,
 Wilt thou the wisht reward bestow?
 Wilt Thou make good what LOVE has said,
 And by Thy grant, His power show?

Written at Easthamstead, to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL's three Nieces.

I.

THREE NYMPHS glad DAMON's heart divide,
 Or are they GRACES THREE?
 Where Beauty, Wit, and Truth abide,
 From Female Arts, insulting Pride,
 And Affectation free.

No

II.

No jealous Fears their Minds possess,
He wears an easy chain ;
No chance can make His transports less,
Each is a gentle Shepherdess,
And He a happy Swain.

III.

Let guilty Fools their triumphs sing,
O'er injur'd Maids undone,
Forget the Joy, endure the Sting,
While endless Peace and Pleasures spring,
From DAMON's Love alone.

H. SHEERS *.

LOVING *one I never saw.*

THOU Tyrant, God of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this Breast no more:
Ah ! tell me why, must ev'ry dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart ?
I never murmur'd, or repin'd,
But patiently my self resign'd ;

* Sir HENRY SHEERS, Bart.

So

So all the torments, which thro' Thee
Have fell, alas ! on wretched me :
But O ! I can no more sustain
This long continu'd state of pain ;
Tho' 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy pow'r,
Ne'er kept it's liberty an hour.
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each Nymph might call the fool her own :
So much to it's own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to Me,
Than Vestal-Virgins hearts to Thee.
I often courted it to stay,
But deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Tho' often, often, I display'd,
The turns, and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd ;
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O ! then with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd ;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past ;

A thousand

A thousand sacred oaths it swore,
Never to wander from me more.
After chimæras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose-chace of love:
Thus it Resolv'd—————
'Till some new face again betray'd
The resolutions it had made.
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone :
And tho' so often it had fail'd,
Tho' vainless ev'ry heart assail'd,
Yet lure'd by hope of new delight,
It took again it's fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious Deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me,
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime.
And yet for all the hours I've lost,
And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well — since 'tis doom'd, that I must find
No love for love from womankind ;
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain.

So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd fit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why.
In ev'ry part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire :
From whence can Love it's magic draw ?
I doat on her, I NEVER SAW :
And who, but Lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness.
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than, whom it is I love, to know :
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find
Diviner both in face and mind;
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy, thus CORINNA walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.

Sometimes

Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That did CORINNA know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly my self deceive ;
And sure am happier far than he,
Who knows the very truth, can be.
Then, gentle CUPID, let me ne'er
SEE my imaginary FAIR :
Lest she should be more heav'nly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height :
Lest (when I on her Beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze,
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well.)
She with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.
If but in this Thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
And call thee Tyrant-God no more.

W. WALSH.

The Antiquated COQUET.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree
 To give me back my liberty,
 In spite of you I must regain
 My loss of time, and break your chain.
 You were mistaken, if you thought
 I was so grossly to be caught ;
 Or that I was so blindly bred,
 As not to be in woman read.
 Perhaps you took me for a fool,
 Design'd alone your sex's tool ;
 Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
 That with a little fashioning,
 I might in time for your dear sake,
 That monster call'd A Husband make :
 Perhaps I might, had I not found
 One darling Vice in you abound ;
 A vice to me, which e'er will prove
 An antidote to banish love.
 O ! I could better bear an old,
 Ugly, diseas'd, misshapen scold,
 Or one who games, or will be drunk,
 A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
 Than one at All who wildly flies,
 And with soft asking, giving eyes ;

And

And thousand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might such wond'rous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all Our Sex,
Did she not so unwisely set,
For ev'ry flutt'ring fool, her net.
So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
Her very look her thoughts betrays :
She never stays till we begin,
But beckons us herself, to sin.
E're we can ask, she cries consent,
So quick her yielding looks are sent,
They hope forestal, and ev'n desire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we should do ;
Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
When women such advances make :
Both time and charms thus PHYLLIS wastes,
Since each must surfeit e're he tastes.
Nothing escapes her wand'ring eyes,
No one she thinks too mean a prize ;
E'en LYNCH * the lag of human kind,
Nearest to brutes by God design'd,

* A notorious Debauchee.

May boast the smiles of this CoQUET;
As much as any man of wit.
The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch scarce more infest the land,
Tho' Egypt's Locusts they outvie,
In number and voracity.
Whores are not half so plenty found,
In Play-house, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-Walks, or WHETSTONE's Park,
Careless less abound in SPARK. †.
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At Bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain she throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts.
Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
That fearless All her eyes approach,
Each her autumnal face degrades,
With Rev'rend Mother of the Maids.
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earliest charms did know:
There first her tyrant-beauties reign'd,
Where'er she look'd she conquest gain'd.

† ELIZABETH SPARK, a noted Courtezan.

No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues by shoals before her fell;
And trotting bogs was all the art
The sound had left to save his heart.
She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
She near dispeopl'd had the nation,
Tho' ye, good soul, to save took care,
All, all she could, from sad despair.
From thence she hither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love.
But ah! it was too late to try,
For spring was gone, and winter nigh:
Yet tho' her eyes such conquests made,
That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
She thanks each coxcomb that will daign
To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old foldier who had done
Wonders in youth, and battles won,
When feeble years his strength depose,
That he too weak to vanquish grows,
With mangled face, and wooden leg,
Reduc'd about for alms to beg,

O'erjoy'd,

O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
On him, who but a farthing throws *

D O R I N D A:

FAREWEL ye shady walks, and fountains,
Sinking vallies, rising mountains :
Farewel ye chrystal streams, that pass
Thro' fragrant meads of verdant grass :
Farewel ye flowers, sweet and fair,
That us'd to grace DORINDA's hair :
Farewel ye woods, who us'd to shade
The pressing youth, and yielding maid :
Farewel ye birds, whose morning song
Oft made us know we slept too long :
Farewel dear bed, so often prest,
So often above others blest,
With the kind weight of all her charms,
When panting, dying, in my arms.
DORINDA's gone, gone far away,
She's gone, and STREPHON cannot stay :

* This excellent SATIRE is supposed to have been written by the Earl of DORSET, on an Irish Lady named CLANBRAZIL, in the Reign of King CHARLES II. The MS is signed B. i. e. we presume BUCKHURST.

By

By sympathetic ties I find
That to Her sphere I am confin'd ;
My motions still on Her must wait,
And what She wills to me is fate.

She's gone, O ! hear it all ye bowers,
Ye walks, ye fountains, trees, and flowers,
For whom you made your earliest show,
For whom you took a pride to grow.
She's gone, O ! hear ye nightingales,
Ye mountains ring it to the vales,
And eccho to the country round,
The mournful, dismal, killing sound :
DORINDA'S gone, and STREPHON goes,
To find with Her his lost repose.

But ere I go, O ! let me see,
That all things mourn Her loss like me :
Play, play, no more ye spouting fountains,
Rise ye vallies, sink ye mountains ;
Ye walks, in moss, neglected lie,
Ye birds, be mute ; ye streams, be dry.
Fade, fade, ye flowers, and let the rose
No more its blushing buds disclose :
Ye spreading beech, and taper fir,
Languish away in mourning Her ;

And

And never let your friendly shade,
The stealth of other Lovers aid.
And thou, O ! dear, delightful bed,
The altar where Her maidenhead,
With burning cheeks, and down cast eyes,
With panting breasts, and kind replies,
And other due solemnity,
Was offer'd up to love and me.
Hereafter suffer no abuse,
Since consecrated to our use,
As thou art sacred, don't profane
Thy self with any vulgar stain,
But to thy pride be still display'd,
The print her lovely limbs have made :
See, in a moment, all is chang'd,
The flowers shrunk up, the trees disfrang'd,
And that which wore so sweet a face,
Become a horrid, desert place.
Nature Her influence withdraws,
Th' effect must follow still the cause,
And where DORINDA will reside,
Nature must there all gay provide.
Decking that happy spot of earth,
Like Eden's-Garden at its birth,
To please Her matchless, darling Maid,
The wonder of her Forming-Trade ;

Excelling

Excelling All who e'er Excell'd,
And-as we ne'er the like beheld,
So neither is, nor e'er can be,
Her Parallel, or Second *SHE*.

To L E O N O R A.

IF absence so much racks my Charmer's heart,
Believe that *STREPHON*'s bears a double smart,
So well he loves, and knows thy love so fine,
That in his own distress he suffers Thine :
Yet, O forgive him, if his thoughts displease,
He would not, cannot wish Thee more at ease.

What need you bid me think of pleasures past ?
Was there one joy, whose image does not last ?
But that One ; most extatic, most refin'd,
Reigns fresh, and will for ever in my mind,
With such a power of charms it storm'd my soul,
That nothing ever can its strength controul.
Not sleep, not age, not absence can avail,
Reflection, ever young, must still prevail.
What influence-divine did guide that hour,
Which gave to minutes the Almighty Power,
To fix (whilst other joys are not a span)
A pleasure lasting as the life of man.

T O L E O N O R A.

E N C O R E.

I.

C E A S E L E O N O R A, cease to mourn,
Thy faithful S T R E P H O N will return.
Fate at thy sighs will ne'er relent,
Then grieve not, what we can't prevent ;
Nor let predestinating tears,
Increase my pains, or raise thy fears.

II.

'Tis but the last long winter night,
Our Sun will rise to-morrow bright,
And to our suff'ring passion bring
The promise of eternal Spring,
Which thy kind eyes shall ever cheer,
And make that Season all our Year.



On a Pretty MADWOMAN.

I.

WHILE mad OPHELIA we lament,
And Her distraction mourn,
Our grief's misplac'd, Our tears mispent,
Since what for Her condition's meant
More justly fits Our Own.

II.

For if tis happiness to be,
From all the turns of Fate,
From dubious joy, and sorrow free;
OPHELIA then is blest, and we
Misunderstand Her state.

II.

The Fates may do whate'er they will,
They can't disturb her mind,
Insensible of good, or ill,
OPHELIA is OPHELIA still,
Be Fortune cross or kind.

F

Then

IV.

Then make with reason no more noise,
 Since what should give relief,
 The quiet of our mind destroys,
 Or with a full spring-tide of joys,
 Or a dead-ebb of grief.

A B S E N C E.

I.

WHAT a tedious day is past !
 Loving thinking, wishing, weeping :
 Gods ! if this be not the last,
 Take a life not worth ~~any~~ keeping.

II.

Love, ye Gods, is LIFE alone !
 In the length is little pleasure :
 Be but ev'ry day Our-Own,
 We shall ne'er complain of measure.

THE
NEW-YEAR'S GIFT
TO
PHYL LIS.

I.

THE circling months begin this day,
To run their yearly ring,
And long-breath'd time which ne'er will stay,
Refits his wings, and shoots away,
It round again to bring.

II.

Who feels the force of female eyes,
And thinks some Nymph divine,
Now brings his annual sacrifice,
Some pretty boy, or neat device,
To offer at her shrine.

III.

But I can pay no offering,
To shew how I adore,
Since I had but a heart to bring
A downright foolish, faithful thing,
And that you had before.

IV.

Yet we may give, for custom sake,
 What will to both be New,
 My Constancy a Gift I'll make,
 And in return of it will take
 Some Levity from You.

A S O N G.

I.

FOR God's-sake—nay, dear Sir,
 Lord, what do You mean?
 I protest, and I vow Sir,
 Your ways are obscene.

II.

Pray give over, O ! fie,
 Pish, leave off your fooling,
 Forbear, or I'll cry, ——
 I hate this rude doing.

III.

Let me die if I stay,
Does the DEVIL possess You;
Your hand take away,
Then perhaps I may bless You.

SNUFF. *An* EPIGRAM.

JOVE once resolv'd (the Females to degrade)
To propagate their Sex without their aid.
His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs, and throws
He felt, nor could th' unnatural birth disclose:
At last when try'd, no remedy would do,
The God took SNUFF, and out the Goddess flew.

To CELIA. *An* EPIGRAM.

YOU need not thus so often pray,
Or in devotion spend the day,
Since without half such toil and pain,
You surely Paradise will gain.
Your HUSBAND's impotent and jealous,
And CELIA that's enough to tell us

You must inhabit Heaven herea'ter,
Because you are a VIRGIN-MARTYR.

*Upon a FRIEND who had a PAIN in his
Left-Side.*

I.

LAY not the Pain, so near your heart,
On chance, or on disease,
So sensible, so nice a smart,
Is from no cause like these.

II.

Your Friends, at last, the truth have found,
Howe'er you tell your story,
'Twas CELIA's eyes that gave the Wound,
And they shall have the Glory.



MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM
DORCESTRÆ

in Annum ineuntem 1684.

Ad JANU M.

SIC tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs ;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora fertis,
Nestoreos poscant scemina virque dies ;
Casside depositâ placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet :
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo ;
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat Amor ;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur Vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope ;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea Carmina fastu,
O ! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis.

Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras ;
O! superis ipsis sacra fit illa dies:
Sacra fit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile Mater onus,
Quâ mihi, Patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pæne dedisse parem.



Dum bibimus
Obrepat non intellecta Senectus.

I.

SISTE mero bibulas effuso Temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire Diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.

II.

I brevis, & properans in Funus nocte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.

III.

Dum loquor Ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de fertis lapsa, Memento Mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare Puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum, subito Sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adesse Rubor.

M. P.

Ad Dom. GOWER, Coll. Magistrum,
EPISTOLA Deprecatoria.

NISI tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram Patrono, Amico, Patre provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæc mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, sollicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solum ad condiscipulorum mensam sed ad Magistri gratiam restituatur

Favoris tui Studiofissimus

M. P.

CARMEN deprecatorium ad Eundem.

IRATAS acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
 Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces;

Qualescumque potest jejuno promere cantu;

Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa Fames!

Grana neges alacri languet vis ignea Gallo,

Deme laboranti pabula languet equus.

Latrantis

Latrantis Stomachi sterelis nec pascis hiatum

Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.

Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit O! he,

Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.

Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,

Flet Culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.

O si! Mecænas major mihi riserit, O si

Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,

Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa

Inciperet Præful grandia, Teque loqui.

M. P.

*Reverendo in Christo Patri THOMÆ
SPRAT Episcopo Roffensi, &c.*

^{Εὐδαίμωνσιν.}

VICIMUS, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;

Grandius eloquium meditare Thalia, Patronum

Quem modò laudâsti nunc venerare Patrem.

Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?

Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?

Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, Aucte sacerdos,

Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.

Qualiter Flæo fœlix in pulvere Victor,

Cui semel ornatas lambit Oliva comas,

Suspirans partas queritur marcescere frondes,

Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:

Sic

Sic tibi major honos veteres protudit honores,

Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:

Phœbææ Juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,

Palma viri decuit tempora, Mitra Senis.

M. P.

EPISTOLA *eodem tempore missa.*

CUM voluntas regia, Optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia infulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, Pater Reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum Cliens eò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in Ecclesiâ honores & Ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus fœlicitatem festi et gratulari,

Favoris tui Studiofissimus

M. P.

Ad FRANC. Episc. Eliensem.

EXORATA boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Prætronicæ novus tempora cingit honos.

Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,

Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.

O f

O si te canerem Præsul venerabilis, O si
 Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
 Æque turba tibi non cederet ima Clientum,
 Cederet ac numeris optima Musa Meis.
 Hoc tamen ut meditor mihi quid nisi vota supersunt?
 Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus.
 Ergo minor Virtus celebretur, dum tibi Præsul
 Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

CUM virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas si minimâ, pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem Populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum Virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret Patronum, qui tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui Studiosissimus

M. P.

In comitis exoniensis Cristam, Tritici fascem Leonibus sustentatum. Lemma. Sustentare & Debellare.

DUM Tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda Leones,
 Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
 Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
 I decus I nostra, Ceciliana domus.

Sparge

Sparge Inopi fruges & pelle Leonibus Hostem ;
 Copia quid valet hinc, quid Timor inde, refer.
 Pollens Muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
 Atque homines superes, atque imitère Deos.

Scripsit
 Aug. 1. 1689.

Quicquid VULT, valdè VULT.

DUM Tingit Siculus Solis Cœlique meatus,
 Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet.
 Nil facit instantis mortis bellicue tumultus ;
 Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
 Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ ;
 Sat sibi curarum conditor orbis habet.



INSCRIPTIONES,
&c.

INSCRIPTIONES

INSCRIPTIO, &c

MISSA

CONSTANTINOPOLIN,

1689.

ROBERTO GROVE Anglo,

Ex Agro Wiltoniensi oriundo,

Amicus summus & popularis Radulphus Lane

Sepulchrale saxum posuit.

Lugubre Marmor,

Inscriptio dicas Vulnere,

In Morbi violentiam juventutis Robur,

In Mortis invidiam Fiducia humana,

In Fati decretum Morum Sanctitas,

Quantillum prodest !

Nam ille, quem custodis, fuit,

(O Vox lugenda, fuit !)

Inter juvenes flos & Decus,

Inter senes Spes & Desiderium,

Ad omnes ubicunque Exemplar.

Animi

Animi Magnitudine Viros superans,
 Corporis Venustate Fœminas,
 Sexum Virtutibus utrumque.
 In Negotiis summâ cum Justitiâ providus,
 Pari cum Modestiâ hilaris in Otio ;
 Ad Peregrinos humanus, facilis ad suos,
 Ad Amicos sine promissis firmus,
 Ad omnes sine dissimulatione benevolus ;
 Ad Deum sine Superstitione religiosus.
 Ingenio florens, propositio sanctus, vitâ
 Innocens, beatus Morte.
 At Tu, fidele Saxum,
 Defuncto quod Amico dedit
 Amicus vix superstes,
 Æterno sis Interpreti
 Quod Virum meliorem
 Anglia nec genitum, nec Thræcia deficientem,
 Aut vidit unquam aut videbit :
 Charas corporis reliquias per longa
 Tuêre sæcula,
 Divinas Animi virtutes feris Nepotibus
 Commenda.
 Anglia cui cunas dederit, dat Funera Thrace ;
 Tam longum Virtus impigra tendit iter.
 Quid fletis Gentes ? hinc gandeat utraque tellus
 Quod dedit una Viris Munus, & una Deo.

EPITAPHIUM

INSCRIPTIONES. 141

EPI T A P H I U M
JOANNIS Comitis EXONIÆ.

H. S. E.

JOHANNES CECIL, Baro de Burleigh,
Exoniæ Comes,
Magni Burleii Abnepos haudquaquam degener :

Egregiam enim Indolem

Optimis Moribus, optimis Artibus excoluit.

Humanioribus literis bene instructus,

Peregre plus vice simplici profectus est ;

Et ab excultis

Europæ regionibus multam

Antiquitatum Linguarum nec non

Et rerum Civilium scientiam reportavit.

Cum nemo forte melius vel Aulam ornare,

Vel Res publicas posset,

Maluit tamen otium & Secessum.

Itaque Ruri suo vixit,

Eleganter, sumptuosè, splendide ;

Liberalibus Studiisq̃ue oblectatus,

Amicis comis & jucundus,

Egenis largus ;

Legum & Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ

Fortis semper Propugnator.

Suarum

142 *INSCRIPTIONES.*

Suarum Virtutem, & Peregrinationum,
 Imo ferè & scientiarum sociam habuit Uxorem
 Annam, ex prænobili domo de Cavendish,
 Gulielmi Comitis Devonix Filiam ;
 Corporis Formâ, & Animi Ingenio,
 Et omnibus, quæ Fœminam decere possent,
 Dotibus insignem : E quâ Octo Liberos suscepit :
 Fœlix Coniuge, Fœlix & prole :
 Sed inter omnia, vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
 Mortalitatis haud immemor.
 Dum apud Italos præcipuæ Artis Opera curiosus
 lustrabat,
 Hoc monumentum illic,
 Ubi exquisitissimè fieri potuit, sibi
 Et Charissimæ Lecti sui & Itinerum
 Et Curarum omnium Consorti

F. F.

Obiit illa }
 Aug. 29. 1700. }

Obiit ille. }
 Jun. 18. 1703. }



EPITAPHIUM

EPI T A P H I U M
CAROLI Comitis HALIFAXIÆ

M. S.

CAROLI MONTAGUE,

Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro

Northantonienſi

Filius natu ſextus,

Henrici Comiti de Manchester

Nepos,

Scholæ Regiæ Weſtmonaſterienſis Alumnus,

Collegii S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigienſis Socius,

Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,

Et in diſpari laudis genere clarus,

Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos

Excelluit :

Magna ingenii indole ;

Bonarumque Artium diſciplinis inſtructus,

Ex Academiae Umbraculis,

In conſpectum Hominum

Prodiit,

Literatorum decus & præſidium.

Omni

Omni dehinc cogitatione
 Communi bono promovendo
 Incubuit :
 Brevisque
 Hunc virum,
 Sua in senatu Solertia,
 In concilio providentia,
 In utroque Justitia, Fides, Auctoritas,
 Ad gerendam Ærarii curam
 Evexit :
 Ubi laborantibus Fiscus rebus
 opportune subveniens,
 Simul monetam Argenteam
 Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
 De novo cudi fecit ;
 Et inter obfolvendum tantæ molis opus,
 Flagrante etiam bello,
 Impreffis Chartulis
 Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque
 Impertit.
 His meritis
 Et Patriæ & Principis gratiam confecutus,
 Familiam suam diu illustrem
 Illustriorem reddidit ;

INSCRIPTIONES. 145

Baro scilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax

Creatus,

Ad tres Montacutani nominis Proceres

Quartus accessit.

Summo denique Periscelidis honore

Ornatus,

Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,

Media inter conamina,

Otium cum dignitate,

Quod desideravit, & meruit,

Vix tandem affectus ;

(Proli ! brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam)

Omnibus bonis

Flebilis occidit,

XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis M DCC XV.

Ætatis suæ LIV.

Patruo de se optimè merenti,

Et bonorum & honorum hæres,

Georgius Comes de Halifax

P.



G

P R O O E M.

P R O O E M. L I T T. P A T E N T.

L I O N E L L I

Ducis D O R S E T T I Æ, 1720.

CUM Sackvillorum Gentem recolimus, qui Guilielmum Conquestorem in Angliam comitati, magnam etiam eo tempore inter Normannos suos a generis antiquitate, majorem verò a virtutibus vendicaverant Gloriam; cumque Horum posterì, serie perpetuâ egregia Majorum facta suis illustraverint, & Regiis nostris Antecessoribus merito & apprimè chari, summâ cum laude, summa regni munera expleverint, ideoque ex hoc sanguine oriundus, Unus à Richardo primo Baronis titulum accepit, postea vero Alter longo annorum intervallo à Reginâ Elizabethâ, cui erat etiam consanguineus, Baro de Buckhurst creatus est, vel potius in pristinum honorem revocatus, idemque post paulo Dorsettiæ Comes factus est; Huic etiam Familiæ, satis Jam suo splendore illustri, novi ex matrimonio tituli, Baro scilicet de Cranfield & Comes Middlesexiæ, accesserunt; Hi omnes tot tantique tituli in Carolo nupero Dorsettiæ comite collecti fulserunt; & cum hi omnes jam ad illum Virum à Patre derivati fuerint, qui eos non modò dignè sustinuit, sed suis etiam Virtutibus ampliavit, ipsum ob multa in nos præstita Officia, Periscelidis honore dudum ornavimus; eundemque quem inter Comites penè primum invenimus ad
superiorem

superiorem Nobilitatis gradum hodiè evehimus, ne
alius olim ad summum hunc Ordinem promovendo
illius & locum & meritum oblivisci videamur, & il-
lam dignitatem quam suo quasi jure petere potuerit,
etiam non petenti ultro concedimus. Sciatis, &c.



*Engraven on Three Sides of an Antique-
LAMP, given by me to the Right
Honourable the Lord HARLEY.*

M. P.

ANTIQUAM hanc Lampadem
è Museo COLBERTINO allatam,
Domino HARLEO inter *Κεφάλια* sua
Reponendam D. D. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

This Lamp which PRIOR to his HARLEY gave,
Brought from the altar of the CYPRIAN-Dame,
Indulgent time, thro' future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno ;
I fove Casto Vigil HARLEANAS
Igne Camcenæ.



SOLOMON,

DE

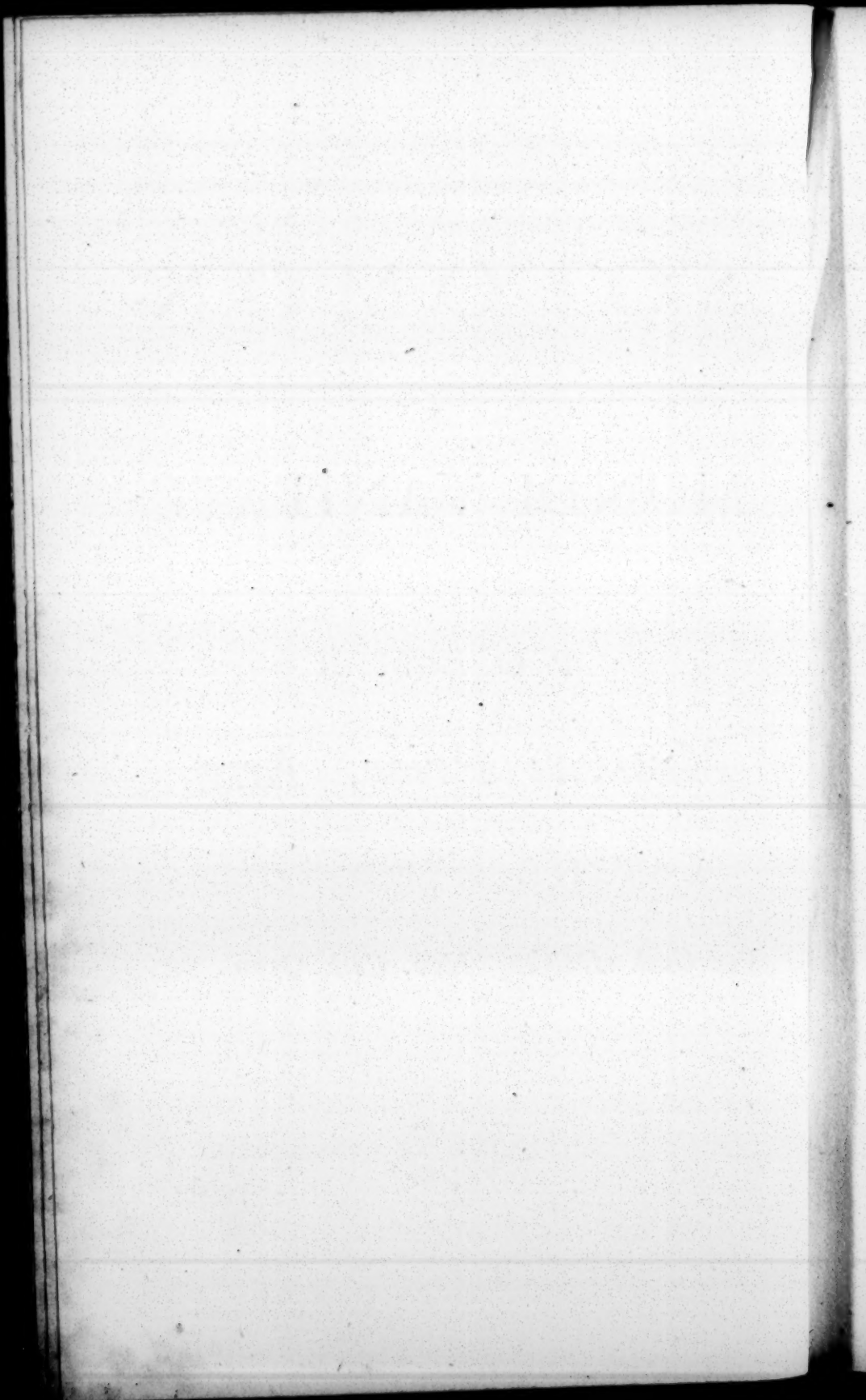
MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

Matthæi Prior, Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per Guil. Dobson, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Soc.



SCIENTIA:

LIBER PRIMUS.

Audite, O Gentes; Linguis Animisq; favete;
Suadet Amor, veraxq; jubet Sapientia fari,
Quæ mihi sollicito versat sub Pectore Musa,
Vana docens quæcunq; agimus, quæcunq; putamus.
Quòd septem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
Per Rupesque Periclorum, Lacrymisque fluentes
Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
Lassatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
Quòdque pari à Cunis sortimur Lege Tumultus
Affectusque leves, Curasque & Inania Rerum;
Jamq; aderit cum summa Dies, Hoc scire crit unum,
Nos omnes (tristi meditor quod dicere Versu)
Gaudia ficta sequi, verisque Doloribus angi.

Pax Animi, usq; adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
Vitæ, sic falsò dictæ; Versumque sequacem
Ludere mobiliter lasciva, Volatilis Umbra,
Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,
Credulitasque fovet; mendaci Luce coruscans.

Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignes.
 O Fons Curarum, captæque Infania Mentis!
 Quòd si forte Deus Te designasset ADAMO,
 Aut unquam Munus tantum indulfisset habendum
 Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuisses:
 In nostros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
 Toto Fonte finus, plenamque inveteret Urnam.

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra suprema
 creasset,

Cum nondum steterat jacto fundamine Terra,
 Decretum est, vanos tentante Cupidine Nifus,
 Ut fine fine petita recederet usque Voluptas.
 Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita suadente Magistra;
 Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile sentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri carissima Proles,
 Deliciæ Populi, Solio sublimis *Ebræo*,
 Augustas Ædes tota cum dives *Ophiro*
 Ornâram, famaue extremo Oriente ferebar;
 Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
 Robore nobilitante artus Dulcedine vultum;
 Cum mihi lucida Mens fœtis Conceptibus aucta,
 Ingenium velox, solidumque vigeret acumen;
 Heus furgas, (habita est mecum Sententia) furgas,
 Ut Felix, Meditare; ut sis Magnus, Sapere aude:
 pectoris exoritur Pax inconcussa Sciendo;

Nam

Nam Scire est ipsi Virtus cognata J E H O V A E.

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes :
Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immensa Corona ;
Historicos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt ;
Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores :
Audieram attentus ; tandem dubitata loquebar :

Per Terras quodcunq; Viret, seu Planta, vel Arbor,
Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ sit Natura, quis Ordo,
Me bene nôsse ferunt, ea nostri Fama vagatur,
A Cedro excelsa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
Serpentem ad Muscum, & diffusam Mœnia circum
Hyslopum : tamen ah ! mihi conscius Ipse fatebor
Mille animum implicitos scrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emissis cur Fagus plurima ramis
Undique luxurians teretem exspatiatur in umbram ;
Dum celsis decrescit Apex sub imagine Coni
Abjetibus, nubes & cuspide scindit acuta :
Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
Augusti capitis varium transmutat honorem ;
Dum gerit æternam Taxus sibi fida Juventam,
Ramo semper eodem, immutatoque colore.
Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha ?
Cur nigramentem animat felicius Umbra Cupressum ?
Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque sedem,
Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent ;

Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
 Et circum Montes umbracula nectit Oliva?
 Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diversus, amictu
 Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
 Lilia inornatos patitur pallefcere vultus,
 Cœruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit?
 Cur Carophyllon amat lascivum pandere soli
 Tot varios una nascentes stirpe colores,
 Dum sibi dissimilis Tulippa affurgit in auras
 Partitis radiis, duplicique insignis honore?
 Brachia tortile Jasna, Rosæque rubentia labra
 Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus;
 Narcissus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
 Fortius infusas hausisse à Vespere vires.
 Dicite, sylvestres Fœtus, Floresque tenellos
 Unde agit occulti diversa potentia Fati?
 Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, amnis, spiritus idem
 Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimat illum?
 Queis oritur Causis, *Animata* ut nomine *Plantæ*
 Sensus inest? sese unde movet, tactumque refugit?
 Unde sequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
 Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram?
 Per Ripam æstivam vel aquosi gramina prati
 Diversam jactant foliorum millia formam:
 Natali contenta Solo securaque florent,
 Texere nec discunt, operamve infumere curant;

Illa tamen clarè ardescunt, ridentque superbam
 Pauperiem nostræ vestis, luxumque minorem.
 Cinctæ magis nitido flavent Verbascula cultu,
 Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit;
 Fulgidiorque Rubor clarescit in ore Rosarum,
 Quàm fluitante novi suffusus sirmate Sponsi.
 Aspice Liliolum, cui splendor humillimus agris;
 Cedere si possit Ratione Superbia victa,
 Ipse etiam factò certamine DAVIDE natus,
 Ipse minùs fulget, soliò sublimis in aureo,
 Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Insignia regni,
 Quæsitumque decus; quàm Flosculus iste, decora
 Simplicitate nitens, nudoque illustris honore.

Indigenam undarum gentem scrutemur, Amici,
 Quo generet more & respiret muta Caterva;
 A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, sine honore natans, sine nomine turba,
 Ipsam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora saltu,
 Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
 Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine lusus.
 Protinus, inverso mutatis sedibus anno,
 Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine factò,
 Fluctibus exstrictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
 Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
 Sollicitam ut stimulat sua cuique Scientia curam
 Conciliare sinus aptos, lymphasque, cibosque,

Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aerias Gentes, ut quæque struendo
 Colligit instrumenta suis accommoda Nidis ;
 Fingit opus, quale humani vis summa cerebri
 Mutabit frustrà, vanaque imitabitur artè.
 Ut brevibus sobolem tentare volatibus audent,
 Discipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
 Cur hoc planitie, sylva Genus illud oberrat :
 Cur Tellus proprium sortita est singula foetum.
 Ardua Grus, sinuantque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,
 Ut fugiant Boreæ fera bella, niveque ruentes :
 An sese in latebris saxorum altisque recondant
 Arboribus, somno per tempora certa sepultæ ;
 An proprio Malo trepidantes, præpete penna
 Mollius ad Cœlum, placidasque ferantur ad oras.

Discemus Pecorumque Insectorumque vagantùm
 Mirandum ingenium, variasque ex ordine Gentes ;
 Seu fera, seu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,
 Quantum Illa aut Nobis, aut Nos cognoscimur Illis ?

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicumque studeatis
 Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare recessus,
 Unde docetur Apes se ferre audacibus alis
 Per mille ancipitesque vias, cœlumque profundum.
 Unde fugit lentam visco stagnante paludem,
 Fœcundos visens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
 Melliferique expansa recludunt germina Flores.

Unde

Unde indensatis tenebris & Sole cadenti
Scire potest operæ finem adventare diurnæ ?
Quis docuit ventis pluviiſque opponere pectus,
Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus ;
Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
Morigeras reſonis dan'tem timnitibus aures ?

Tuque aperi, Ceſſator iners, æſtate ſerena
Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aſpera brumæ :
Ire redire viam repetito ſedula curſu,
Extruat ut cumulos ; plenamq; ubi carpiſit ariſtam,
Unde levi granum prærodit provida morſu,
Nè, dum terra tegit, ruſum radicibus actis,
Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura ?
Conſpic'enda patent Inſecti utriuſque Labore
Signa Animi manifeſta, Ars provida, Speſq; Timorq;

Jamque age, fleſte oculos, animumque advorte, recenti
Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muſcamq; renatam ;
Vermiculumque humalem, heſterno qui reperi cœpit
Vix ſub Sole ; tuos, Homo Reſ viliffima, Fratres.
More Tui motuſque cient, ſpirantque videntque,
Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur :
Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
Ovaque dùm pariunt, foëtûs promiſſa futuri,
Fœcundofque ignes, viresque fatentur Amoris.
Cuiq; ſua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Viſum,
Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant ;

Sunt

Sunt Membri & nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,

Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ postulat Ufus;

Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum.

Quid nostra exilis Ratio concedere possit

Plus Cete immenso, turrito plus Elephanti,

Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, Hydræ

Cristatæ, caudamque flagellanti Crocodilo,

Quam titulo & forma solum discrimen haberi,

Ut sua cuique datur major structura minorve?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,

Nunc amat effusum Spatium, nunc arctius optat:

Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,

Humani Sensûs modulo indignata teneri.

Latius Objectum, seu se sublimius effert,

Effigiem veram nescit comprehendere Visus:

Sin minus evadat, perstrictum ludit ocellum;

Confusæ tenebræ, aut lux indivisa videtur.

Disperdunt variatam Æther atque Unda figuram;

Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum sic delusa spè, protractoque labore

Natura frustra sequimur venerabile numen;

Illa sub oblecto sedet impercepta recessu;

Circiter agglomerans se plurima fundit Imago,

Formarumque immensa cohors, quas mystica Diva

Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,

Cum

Cum volet abstrusis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compescere Fastum.

Sevit adhuc mores immitis & effera Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, dentesque in vincla fatigat:
Oblato lymphæque, & amico munere victûs
Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repensans,
Frangere corpus avet, venasque haurire Magistri.
Dum fervor generosus Equi, viresque Cameli,
Imparibus faciles se sub juga mittere dextris,
Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,
Respondent stimulis, & fræni jussâ capeffunt;
Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
Pondus amant domini, & sumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè inomitata vagatur,
Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
Suspecta humani Generis vestigia vitans:
At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
Quanquam illi & species & forma simillima Vulpis;
Horrentes vitat clivos vallesque reductas,
Calle pedes iterat trito, & sua tecta requirit;
Vultibus arridens notis, testator amorem
Blanditiis, manditque satur quod projicit Infans,
Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magistrum.

Cujusnam impulsu causæ propiore cientur,
Ardua res, fateor, multis disquirere factis.
Sunt alia interea, queis prespexisse videmur

Principia

Principia Illorum nihilo discordia nostris ;
 Nobiscum fugienda timent, optanda sequuntur ;
 Toxicum dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
 Oderunt & amant ad nostra exempla, sciuntque
 Gradari Sociis, Hostemque laceßere pugna.
 Quicquid agant, animo prius instituissè videntur,
 Propositumque apto vestigant tramite finem.
 Scilicet ista errat latè Doctrina, moveri
 Facta Hominum Ratione, Instinctu facta Ferarum.
 Nam quo jure licet diversas fingere causas,
 Cum simul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent ?
 Quo Ratio Instinctu secerni limite possit ?
 Dividit has Doctorum ignara superbia voces,
 Dum quæ scire nequit, metuit nescire fateri.

Haud minus insipiens Homo jactat Seque suumq;
 Imperium, jussis Fera si parere recuset.

Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
 Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu ;
 Nonne metu horrescit, ne fortior ira Leonis
 Fictitiæ legi sublatum opponeret unguem ?
 Annon è Rostro trepidans Orator abiret,
 Porticibus subito irrumpat si fortè reclusis
 Aut immanis Hyæna, aut spumans faucibus Ursus ?

Pœnitet incepti Pugnacem serò duelli,
 Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur ensis :
 Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
 Serò recedentem respectat Navita terram :
 Sic serò cupimus contracto ducere fræno.

Ardua

Ardua jam tentantem animum, & sublime volantem :

Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri ;

Magna vocant, vastique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum spatia ætheris ampla,

Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes ;

Sollicitus rogit, qua causa pendulus Orbis

Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.

Cum reputo, quali Phœbus revolubilis igne

Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur ;

De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes

Effusæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent :

Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat

Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine solis :

An gens ulla ferat, septem subiecta Trioni,

Diram Ursæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.

Prudentis sed nonne Dei suprema voluntas,

Cuique horum secreta potest concedere dona ?

Forfitan ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æstas,

Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura ;

Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,

Exultantque novo fecundi germinis ortu ;

Atque vices nostras lugent, quæis fata dederunt

Obliquæ Cælum toties mutabile Sphæræ ;

Ipsi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phœbum

Aspiciunt, paribusque horis recreantur & ardent,

Gaudentes propiore Die ; semperque fruuntur

Ignibus

Ignibus haud aliis, & tempestatibus isdem.
Fortè etiam, qui sorte domos posuere remotas
Ultra *Tartariæ* diffusas latius oras ;
Qua parte, extensæ super æquora longa diei
Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menses ;
Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
Quos densa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores ;
Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos ista tulere locorum,
(Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula fasti)
Hunc nostrum assiduè mutatis vultibus axem
Postponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
Partibus ex equo dimensis lucis & umbræ.
Forfitan hunc Solem, stadiis redeuntibus actum,
Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
Cum superest infecta operis pars magna diurni ;
Objiciant nostris quum gentibus, haud sine jure,
Noctis iter subitum, lapsamque fugaciter umbram ;
Quòd graviter fessos quàm sat recreaverit artus
Foeta salute quies, somni nec inutile donum ;
Ante resurgenti cum lumine cura resurgat
Tædia relliquiasque hesterni ferre laboris :
Cum, simul ipsorum Phœbus se pandat ocellis,
Intrepidis animis semestri luce fruentes,
Ad nemora inde procul secreta, lacusque remotos
Non interruptos audent intendere cursus ;

Et

Et piscaturam venatusque impete longo
 Indomiti exercent, indefessoque vigore.
 Et fugiente Dies ubi deferit æthera curru,
 Collectæque monent hyemem nigrescere nubes,
 Frugibus instanti pro tempestate coactis
 Undique, sex totos ducunt ex ordine menses,
 Discursu atque opera, strepitu & mœrore soluti,
 Queis nostra assidui vexatur Scena laboris :
 Instaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, mensas,
 Et facili hospitio lætis gratantur Amicis ;
 Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
 Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ,
 Deliciis aut elati, requievere supini,
 (Jucundis vicibus solidæ inter munera pacis)
 Diffusam celebrant longa caligine noctem
 Plena super poc'la & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Infula longè
 Panditur, hanc latam procul ultra diffita terram,
 Ursa rigens, maculisque aspersæ corpora Lynces
 Prædantur valles, sylvamque horroribus implent :
 Esuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ sibila colla
 Flumine turbato latitant, dumisque sub udīs :
 Nec rudis ipse minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs asper
 Valesque & sylvam, vepresque & flumina vexat.
 Hisne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
 Illicis à stripe, aut foeta telluris ab alvo ?

Et

Unde

Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia nasci
 Frondifera in *Paradiso*, ortuque unius ADAMI?
 Vel ratibus primas, concede legentibus oras
 Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam:
 An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
 Gentibus innocuis cælemque venenaque ferrent?
 An secum veherent Urfas Lynceasque carinis?
 Fœcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram?
 Nempe fore, ut fœtam Crocodilen hœspita tellus
 Acciperet, lætoque sinu nova monstra foveret.

Et quando agrestis penitus ducenda propago
 Servato à NOA, clarisque nepotibus exit;
 Unde patrum poterant labi de mente suorum
 Quas artes NOE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
 Condere semen humo, generosas ponere vites,
 Thuriferique pias fanis advolvère flammæ?
 Dum vivit magni proles in fausta Parentis,
 Inficia vel Bacchum premere aut intervertere glebam,
 Per valles clivosque famis solatia quærens,
 Arte carens omni, virtutem indocila DEUMQUE.

Deinde super maria ac terras quo more sequemur
 Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus?
 Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant;
 Particulæ rerum fluitant, stat Summa manetque,
 Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atq; elementa fatemur,
 Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora constant,

Quæque

Quæque novas sumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans

Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigescit ;
 Diffusa, assurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
 Et guttis sensim expansis fluit humidus aer.
 Particulæ hæc tenues rursus tolluntur in altum ;
 Ardescunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem :
 Mox iterum iste ignis, crasso magis aere victus,
 Impulsusque deorsum, utero telluris in amplo,
 Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis ;
 Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum :
 Aut penetrans venans per magræ corpora matris
 Reliquias veteres alia sub imagine ponit ;
 Infusa vires resolutas temperat unda
 Molior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Divisa à notis rapiuntur flumina ripis,
 Immensumque ferent cumulata pondus aræ,
 Mersa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corrosus edaci,
 Ventorumque minis descendet ad usque jacentem
 Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit :
 Planities gradibus surget sublimior æquis,
 Quàm steterant olim suprema cacumina montis :
 Sic Natura jubet ; peraget, quod jussit, Ætas.

Omnia sic fato lapsos mutante per annos
 Aut levia aut onerosa, minuta aut grandia fiunt :
 In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympa futuras,

Pyramidum

Pyramidumque fluet diffusa per aera moles :

Pisonis fluctus ætas ventura requiret,

Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* signa Viator.

Hæ cum sæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur

Immota, tanquam naturæ jusserit ordo ;

Ast ubi plus solito fors una vel altera surgat,

Magnificum incipiunt portentis ducere nomen.

Implicitos flexus mens indefessa sequatur,

Et ponat dubios operosa Scientia fines :

An nusquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum ?

Alterutrum sumas ; par forsitan error utrinque est.

Avulsum trunco raram, effœtumque flagellum

Voce statim missa redivivas trudere frondes

An mirere magis, quàm summi culmina clivi

Vi brumæ spoliata altisque immersa pruinis,

Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,

Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem ?

Æthere diviso, noctis redeuntibus umbris,

Ambrosios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,

An mirere magis, solito quàm pane recentes

Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires ;

Et semen granumque, solo commissa fideli,

Addere opes cumulis, et multiplicata renasci,

Quæque manu parca sulcis modo sparfit arator,

Mox onerare solum, lætasque effundere messes ?

Quæ

Quæ se cunque igitur dant sensibus obvia nostris,
Seu vulgata palàm seu mira recondita rerum,
Legibus à fixis naturæ sive solutis
Proveniant, his perspectis id vincitur, omnem
Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Cauſæ.
Hinc certis gradibus se paulatim altius effert,
Et longæ ascendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque necesse est
Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque supremum,
Quod stetit à primis, & in ultima sæcula stabit.

Hunc magnum monstrante DEUM Ratione ma-
gistra,

Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte bea-
tum ;

Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis
Limitibus nostri audemus comprehendere sensûs ?
Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
Ultra explorati confinia dissita mundi ?
An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
Hos fluctus aliam jussit secernere terram :
Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes ?
Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbis ;
Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
Occiduasque artes facesque ferentur ad oras.

Quà

Quà feror ingenti percussus imagine? quæ Lux
 Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro raptò furore
 Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cern^o
 Æquora per longè subiecta? En! Insula, sedes
 Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
 Justitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
 Hic sedes posuere suas; hæc maxima amata
 Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulgit munera terræ.
 Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Insula famam
 Occidua effundit; classès victricibus armis
 Instruclas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
 Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.
 Inter utrosque polos audit resonantia facta,
 Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
 Interpidas ducit naves, & carbasa pandit
 Intra alius secura *Indos* Orbemque secundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo se nomine quondam
 Jactabit) belloque diù famaue vigebit;
 Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
 Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras;
 Extensos felix venerandaque stabit in annos,
 Incertasque vices rerum immutata videbit.
 Cedent cuncta tamen communi subruta fato;
 Ipsa augusta, ingens, morti, licèt ultima, cedit.

Jamq; oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
 Cœrulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus:

En!

En! quale aulæi fluitantis more patefcit
Nunc matutino pictum variumque rubore ;
Luce super media flavo velamine fulgens,
Nigro indutum horrore per alta silentia noctis.
Unde umbra & lumen certo discrimine surgunt
Alternis ? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores ?
Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere poffit,
Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Cælo,
Et radiis inde amotis affurgere noctem,
Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammæ ?

Sed fruſtrâ Auroræ roſeum ſperamus amiſtum ;
Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores ;
Speramus fruſtrâ ſolita flavedine ſpargi
Lucis iter medium ; aut tempeſtas ingruit atra,
Aut ſubitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida denſis
Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, ſœcunda timorum ;
Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
Maturate, ſenes, totaſque intendite vires
Ingenii, & multo tandem ſudore repertas
Narrate aërias reſolutas uſque columnas,
Circuituſque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
Dat Reſponſum alias voces, fruſtrâque reſartum
Quaſſa novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta :
Diſſimili ſub veſte latens Ænigma recurrit ;
Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.

H

En !

En !

En ! Sol indomitus robusti more Gigantis
 Immenso varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
 Dum duplici vehitur cursu ; tamen ordine certo
 Mutaturque dies, finisque imponitur Anno.
 Mox ubi decurso pronus redit æthere, blandum
 Tempus agens fessis ; placidaque involvitur umbra
 Terra filens ; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,
 Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis :
 Ipsa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
 Legibus, & jussos observat menstrua cursus.
 Quisque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
 Libratis fertur spendenti tramite pennis :
 Quisque sua varium jactat pro forte nitorem,
 Et regit inclusos diviso in limite currus ;
 Dumque volans aditum super arva liquentia scindit,
 Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahit alis.
 Anne hi splendent vero fulgore Planetæ ?
 An sua quemque dies illustrat & infusus ardor ?
 An verum est, quod jam vestri explicuere labores,
 Observare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fonte
 Furtivos radios, & non sua mittere tela ?

Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
 Quas neq ; lineolæ cohibent, neq ; quadra, nec orbes ;
 (Heu ! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
 Cum feritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)
 Luce tamen diffusa adeo variaque refulgent,

Quanta

Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.

Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur

Humani ingenii summo quæsitâ labore,

Si juxtâ spectetur amabile consonus ordo,

Quem Natura jubet, statuit quem Spiritus orbis !

Si verò in nostras descendat mitiùs oras

Vivida vis Solis, nimio neque torreat igne ;

Ardoris sese extendit pars quantula sphæris

Divisis longo spatio, cœloque remoto ?

Stellarumque, acies nostri quas languida visûs

Æterno fixas cœli sub fornice cernit,

Quæque suis opibus, nativo & dives honore,

Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,

Sol ipsa ; atque alios orbes, oculisque negatas

Humanis, lustrat diffuso lumine Terras.

Forfitàn & fuso circum æthere cornua Lunæ

Diminuunt reparantq; novæ, surguntq; caduntque ;

Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydero Soles,

Quæ nostræ in morem Telluris semina certis

Fœtibûs apta ferunt, regionesque ordine cetro

Divisas, terrasque suas, suaque æquora nôrunt.

Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicitùs Orbes,

Clara receptac'la, & fœcundi lumine fontes,

Inter se alternis possunt (ut quisque profundo

Ætheris in germio propiùsve aut longiùs absit)

Igne minore Astrum vel nobiliore videri;
 Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
 Mille simul Terræ, Lunæ, Solesque latere
 Immensi, quos nostra incassum lumina quærunt.

Necquicquam effusum spatiis crescentibus orbem
 Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum;
 Sphæra ingens se expandit adhuc, nescitque teneri
 Limite vei ficto, mentemque irridet inanem.

Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monstra,
 Quæis vestri attonitum conceptus æthera complent?
 Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt?
Chaldæi nempe in cerebro, pictisque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
 Progeniem Veri fas sit concedere; Stellas
 Has cœli nitidas, quæ sic terrentque juvantque
 Irrantes oculos, trepidos lætosque tuendo,
 Esse orbis modulo numeroque & fine carentes.
 An verò hi pandunt radios, sphærasque revolvunt,
 Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præstent,
 Nil nisi pulvis, Homo; conclusus corporis arcto,
 Limite, curriculoque ævi brevior coactus?
 Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
 In sua *Caucaseum* vestigia surgere Clivum
 Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* se extendere saltus,
 Quæis ipse incedat latè, & sibi colligat escam:
 Sic tenuissima Conclia, inhians littonis ora

Latè exporrecti circum vasta æquora, dicat,
 Eminùs incultum pendere per aëra faxum,
 Ipsa equidem fundo ut lateat securior imo ;
 Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
 Ut levet ipsa sitim, testamque agitata niteſcat.

Intrepidis Dea se rapiens ſublimius alis
 Corporeos orbes, Cœlumque locale relinquit :
 Quèis formata animis Superùm gens priſtina, quærit,
 Aut ubi ſint campi quos incoluere creati.
 Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
 (Sic ſancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
 Opposuit, Cherubſque auſi concurrere, telis
 Tela adverſa tulere & ſcuta minantia ſcutis :
 Plauiſit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribùs Orcus.
 Hæc quænam formæ, quas veſtra volumina narrant ?
 Ut ſtabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat !
 Hæc damnata pati diros ſine fine labores,
 Numinis æternum exilium, longasque catenas ;
 Horrendis vicibus miſeros vexare lacertos,
 Per liquidum ſudans fulphur, ſolidosve per ignes :
 Altera primævæ dum ſurgit ad atria lucis,
 Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
 Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
 Tempeſtate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
 Cum mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum

Atrocem in Regis stomachum, Populumq; rebellem:
 Aut magni trepidanda refugere iussa TONANTIS,
 Et narrare manu lapsuras fulminis iras,
 Cum ponit supplex animos fastumque Tyrannus,
 Et plorat Populus lacrymosa in veste rebellis.
 Quî Superi possint cœlorum in limite claudi?
 Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coërcet?
 Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet ista locorum?
 Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
 O! ubi nigra cohors talem scrutabitur umbram,
 Tam spissam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
 Sublimem Autorem visûs, oculique Parentem?

Angelus interà quid creditur esse? videtur
 Mens pura? an solidum corpus, seu mollior aër?
 Mentis nulla operum nisi mentibus apta secutæ,
 Pectoribus nostris faciles, animisque propinquæ,
 Internos tantùm motus sub corde cierent,
 Se neque subjicerent externo luminis igni.
 Nonne autem nostri quondam novere Parentes
 Esse illis sensumque dapum, cumque artubus ossa?
 Ni foret, ABRAHUS fessos potuitne levare,
 Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
 Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
 Eripere, & sævum membris arcere furorem?
 Quo more ingressus certamina vera JACOBUS
 Luctantis Seraphini ictus perferens iniquos?

Qua vi Materiæ potuit se opponere Forma,

Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra ?

Aër densato constant, radiisve coactis ?

Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & nostra per auras

Vota ferunt ? ipsos levibus ludibria ventis

Spargeret auster agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut sacro carmine fertur)

Materiem veram, solidasque ad corpora vires ?

Qui fit (quandoquidem nos æqua sorte potitos

Numen idem circum expansis complectitur alis)

Ipsis fortia adhuc florescere lætaque membra,

Dum nostri languent pereuntque doloribus artas ?

Cur, Nobis sub valle diù luctantibus ima

Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,

Ipsi perpetuæ producunt munera vitæ

Mellifluos inter cantus scenasque virientes ?

Mens vaga dum latum circumspicit undiq; Mundum,

Agnoscitque, Nihil se efferre in lumina posse ;

Dum surgit paulatim, atque ordine singula lustrat,

Percurrit valles pictas, clivosque feraces

Umbrarum ; fontes vivos, minerasque tepentes,

Augustum *Thamesin*, fœcundaque flumina *Nili* :

Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudesque, ferasque,

Seu saltus & prata colant, seu littoris oras ;

Et mare qui tranant vastum, quique ætheris auras,

Pinnigerum alatumq; gregem ; Vermemq; pusillum,

Terrarum imbellem Dominum, sub corpore parvo
Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
Jamque superne volans Cœli convexa tuetur,
Ætheraque expansum, quem cœrula gloria vestit
Effusum ingenti spatio, noctisque per umbram
Innumerae complent immenso lumine Stellæ ;
Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui insignibus aucti,
Ordine quisque suo, propter Solia ardua, fido
Grande satellitio stipant latus ONNIPOTENTIS ;
Perque omnem rerum seriem, longamque catenam,
Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui semina vitæ
Infudit Toti, legesque & fœdera sanxit :
Qui (Vox quippe operi par est, factoque Voluntas)
E nihilo jussit pulcrum consurgere Mundum ;
Sæculaue evolvens tanquam spatia arcta diei,
Instituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
Et Solem Lunamque suos agnoscere cursus.
Ille utero à cæco emisit revolubile Tempus,
Præscriptoque dedit vestigia flectere gyro :
Ipse suæ gestans tanquam per concava dextræ,
Ingentis Domini jussû observare paratum,
Mundi grande Penu, quâ se mensesque diesque
Effusæque horæ & breviores temporis omnes
Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius extant.
Ipse idem & primus rerum & postremus, adinstar
Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam

Hanc

Hanc sphæram effinxit, jussitque effulgere, qualem
Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.

At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum ;
Et sacrum illud opus, stellatum, illustre Volumen
Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis :
Terramque extemplò, divulsam à sedibus imis,
Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
Ignibus undantem diffundere —

Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
Dixit ; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
Cum statuet, jubeat, cessabunt esse : verendum
Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
Hoc ingens sacrumque æterna in sæcula Nomen ;
Hanc juvat enarrare DEUM. —

Mirati mea verba, Senes siluere ; stupentes
Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
Respondere nihil, nihil ausi efferre ; pudorem
Turba silens celare cupit, proditque silendo.
Dum quidam, gravitas cui vestiit ora serena,
Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cœpit ;
Ulteriùs non posse animi contendere vires,
Discere quàm nostræ felicia dogmata vocis ;
Esse mei, dicere ; sui que, attendere dictis
Me cunctis simul Imperio Ingenioque priorem ;
Gentesque attonitas uno fremere ore, disertum

Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.

Genua alter flexit, facturus verba ; futura
 Sæcula prospexit nostrum venerantia nomen ;
 Prudentum ô vivas Tu Prudentissime, dixit ;
 Nil oriturum alias, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fœcunda parens, ô pestis Honesti
 Suadela artificis linguæ ! tua semina dira,
 Tempestate parum fausta dextraque nefanda,
 Luxuriante solo Virtutis sparsa, repentè
 Viribus exauctis culta inter splendida surgunt,
 Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Intereà cruciata animos sine honore Caterva,
 Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad sydera laudes
 Altius insonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
 Aut quî sic extant, ultrò nescire fatetur,
 Plurima qui novit ; sed cernunt temporis omnes
 Scilicet occulti fatum, eventusque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophistæ
 Commissas verborum acies & inania bella.

At non *Rabbini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt ;
 Usque recedentes certant ; campoque relicto
 Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,
 Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem.
 Diversis eadem linguis narrare laborant ;
 Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum

Exponunt ;

Exponunt; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
Artifices voces, & dissona verba Scholarum;
Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
Argutosque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin sese studia in contraria scindit
Discors turba Senum: quod fortiter asserit Ille,
Hic negat; hostili lingua sibi quisque vicissim
Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miserrima Sensus!
Quisque novus falsa Specie prætexitur Error,
Palantesque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix! vestri ex quo sanguinis Auctor
Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram;
Ut labem primi soboles imitata Parentis
Ejusdem repetit veteris vestigia culpæ!
Turpe patet nimium nudatæ infamia Mentis;
Cur ita diffusum quærens celare pudorem
Eloquii tibi vela parās, pictosque colores?

Blandifluis verbis arridens ore sereno,
Ægrum dixi animum placido sermone levare;
Ast iterum tacitæ conversus in intima mentis,
Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
Multum exploranti frustra Labor usque recurrit;
Quæsi tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
Lux nostri an Caligo animi; stant lancibus æquis:
Tollitur hæc furium, desecritur illa deorum.

Conscia

Conscia jam demùm Ratio me agnoscere cogit,
 Nos bene scire nihil, dum plurima scire videmur.
 Heu! sequimur nubes, & tundimus aëra; menti
 Accumulat curas pacis malefana cupido.
 Materiæ finesne datur transcendere Menti?
 Quisve mihi quid sit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat?
 Necquicquam ad cæcos aspirant Lumina tractus,
 Quos DEUS æterna jussit caligine volvi:
 Scrutator petit usque; sed effugit usque petitem.
 Pars ista exilis, quam nifu addiscimus ægro,
 Ulteriora sequi suadet, fallitque sequentem,
 Quodque latet, frustra Mens indagare laborat.
 Convulsum lacerat Sententiâ multa cerebrum:
 Mutantur mentes; tamen usque revertitur Error:]
 Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.
 Quam tenui clausa orbiculo Sapiëntia fudat!
 Perlustrat terras: sperat comprehendere cœlum:
 Obscuras fessis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
 Nunc acri perculsa Diei luce vagatur;
 Latèque expansi supremo à culmine tractûs
 Vix, trepidante oculo, videt eminùs INFINITUM.
 Pectore fige memor, sacro ex ardore sciendi,
 ADAMO progate, tuos fluxisse dolores.
 Cur vano ulterius cursu tibi corda fatigas?
 Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus;

Dum

Dum nifu eluso sudans, vacuoque labore
Expetis ut vitam quæsitâ Scientia pandat ?
Æterno à sacrâ depelleris Arbore fato,
Quam circum ardescunt Gladii, CHERUBESQUE mi-
nantur.

VOLUPTAS:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

I Nunc, disce moras & tedia longa dierum
Fallere, sollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ :
I facilem jam quære viam, & melioribus usus
Auspiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis
Gratâ sume manu ; Curarum à tramite nigro,
Æ vario errorum flexu, quem volvere suadet
Mens studiosa Boni, vestigia flecte nitentes
Ad Campos, suavesque locos, quibus itur ad almam
Lætitiâ, teneros lusus, lentamque quietem ;
Utile securus fugias, ut dulce sequaris.
Artis opes varias adhibe, sumptusque superbos ;
Et domita Ratione effundat fræna Voluptas.

Hæc

Hæc mecum--mox, siqua darent solatia Regum
 Divitiæ, effrænisque immensa Superbia Luxus
 Aggredior.———Studia Artificum molesque futuræ
 Excipiunt fessum Curis ; jam testæ parabam
 Regia, jamque Hortos ; Pisces, Volucresq; Ferasque,
 Quicquid alit Tellus, spatiosa in Claustra recepi.
 Quin nostro peregrina solò viget Arbor, & umbram
 Miratur *Judæa* novam ; quæ Sylva virebat,
 Squamigeri ludunt pisces ; æquantur opaci
 Montes, ut major se exporrigat area campo.
 Flumina ducuntur cursus oblita priores,
 Docta novos ; grato seu præcipitata tumultu
 Desuper Unda cadit, sive eluctatur in altum
 Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.
 Visceribus latè spoliatis, ultima mittit
Africa marmoreas rupes ; jamque ardua Turris
 Attingit cælos, stant vastâ mole Columnæ
 Suppositæ spisso nemori, & pendentibus hortis.
 Instant Artifices operi ; Pariesque nitescit
 Illusus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum :
 Discolor hîc variis nitet intertexta lapillis
 Area ; substrata hîc folio calcatur Jaspis.
 Ipsa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos
 Vertice sublimi, nemoris Regina, peritam

Artificis

Artificis confessa manum, laquearia fingit ;
Et raptos *Lebanus* sylvarum mœret honores.

Mille Fabri coëunt, & eburnam ad sydera turrim
Mirum opus, educunt : percurrunt pectine telas
Mille simul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,
Dulce tori thalamique decus ; dum murice rapto
Non habit ipsa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores
Lana bibat : Montesque *Afri*, *Pariique* queruntur
Marmoris avulsas usque à penetralibus imis
Radices ; nec jam ulterius sua Saltibus *Indis*
Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis,
Jamq; aderam immensi cupidis miracula Sumptus
Percurrens oculis—vidi, indoluique videndo.
Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâsse superbas ;
Namque Opere extructo fugit ambitiosa Volaptas.

Anxietas infesta novas volitavit ad *Ædes*,
Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pendit.
Quid juvat ah ! Thalami Splendor ? quid purpura ?
grandi

Sæpe toro infomnis membra irrequieta rotabam :
Hæsit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,
Limitis impatiens, & certæ nescia sedis,
Noctes atque dies vexans ; lentoque per hortos
Incidens passu, vestigia pressit eunti,
Ambagesque viarum, altosque secuta recessus.

Quin age, pande Sinus : aliis nova gaudia quære
Artibus ; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,
Hærentes

Hærentes si fortè sua dulcedine curas
Musica dispellat ; si Carmina blanda dolores
Eripiant Animo. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ
Ipse lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum ;
Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem
Spumantesque Urfas ; ad carmina stare Leones
Attentos pendente jubâ ; Lynceæque stupentes
Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.
An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda ?
Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ ?
 Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba
Quisque suas properat ; resonantia temperat Æra
Dulce melos Citharæ : tenuem dat Dorica vocem
Tibia lene sonans ; reddit grave buccina murmur ;
Et misto raucarum unâ clangore Tubarum
Suavius argutos modulatur Fistula cantus.
Mane agiles Numeri lentum excussere Soporem ;
Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem :
Et sera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,
Suaferunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos :
Necquicquam : ipsa novo pertentant Carmina luctu
Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta ministrant.
Lætus quippe Sonus filo levior resultans
Ocyus it, summamque fugax prælabitur aurem ;
Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœstumque dolorem
Incutit, atque altum figit sub pectore vulnus.

Jamq;

Jamq; agitans mœstè mecum, quàm languet ocelli
Imbecilla acies, vidi; quàm incerta vagatur,
Utque novas quærit species spernitque paratas
Instabilis; piget heu! piget advertisse, sed aurem
Adverti miseram simili languescere morbo;
Illa etiam inconstans, brevibus satiata sonorum
Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continuò Juvenes cultos se adjungere lectis
Virginibus jussi, numerisque aptare Choreas.
Frustra! Compositos redeuntesque ordine certo
Culpabam motus, passosque infana querebar
Jura pedes: Artem observans Natura magistram
Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat
Servitio; Indignor tantum potuisse protervi
Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque sonantem.

Indulsi Cyathis; rabies mera; clamor ineptus,
Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.
Credulus ah nimium! speravi pocula mœstum
Possè animum lenire, atraque avertere Curas.
Post Ludos sera jam nocte licentiùs actos
Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant;
Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma
Dispulerat Ratio simulacra fugacia noctis;
Quid facere & fari suaferunt pocula, mecum
Volvi animo; quales & quo de fonte Lepores
Fluxerunt, reputans. Risus, Jocus ille, solutos

Qui

Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,
Forſitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum
Duxerat, ambiguo luſu, vel imagine falſa,
Improbuliſve lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,
Caſta quibus metuat violari ſordibus auriſ.
Forſitan heu! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos
Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,
Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò
Parceret, & denſa velaret honeſtius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conſerta malorum
Agmina cæca latent; hinc linguæ effuſa Venena
Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocandæ querelis.
Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore
Reſponſum torquetur atrox, ſpargitque viciffim
Infanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhaustas vini quòd largior uſus
Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah miſerum! rabies quem cæca atri que dolores
Diverſis hinc inde malis involvere certant!
Heu! ſperat Curarum haurire oblivia; nescit
Intereà ſævo confidere funditùs hauſtu
Morborum omne genus; lentæ intolerabile pondus
Deſidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis
Somnia, quæ paſſu ſequitur mors tarda ſilenti:
Nec videt innexis circùm cratera corollis
Lethiferoſque Angues, atraſque latere Colubras.

Ecquid

Ecquid inexpertum restat, quod pectoris ægri
 Mulceat insanos æstus, Cûrasque resolvat?
 Restat Amor: propera, salientibus imbibere venis
 Spem lætam, blandosque accende Cupidinis ignes;
 Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam
 Liberiore animo, totasque exquirere vires.

Quis malus hic languor? vel quæ tam fera moratur
 Segnities? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt?
 Quin agite ô fidi citius properate ministri,
 Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.
 Omnis Amicarum cætus Sponsæque frequentes
 Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivium, cultus;
 Quas plaga nostra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum
 Munera seu Regum fuerint, seu præmia Martis.
 Ordine quæque suo nostri studiosa favoris
 Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.

Hæc ubi dicta, onerant mensas, cyathosque coro-
 nant;
 Unà omnes studiisq; favent, fremituque secundo:
 Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum splendidus Ordo:
 Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes
 Ardentesque oculos: memori quàm pectore servo
 Semina nascentis flammæ, dulcesque dolorum
 Primitias! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,
 Gentis erat *Phariæ*: quæ læti gratia vultûs
 Spirabat! quæ forma! ut mollia membra movebat,
 Incessu

Incessu facili gressus ornata decoros !

Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,

Nec Zona cohibente: fluebat nigra soluto

Cæsaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe

Per nitidos diffusa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus
Vulnere, adeste (inquam) nascentem augete Sodales.

Lætitiâ, mollique toro properate recentes

Accumulare rosas, dum prodiga veris odori

Copia deficiat; lasciva in tempora Myrrhæ

Lacrymulas suavemque Electri fundite rorem,

Fundite opes *Arabum* varias: date carmen amicum,

Et pulsate lyrum fidibusque adjuncta canoris

Tympana; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,

Tu, cujus rosea ora & clari fulgur ocelli

Delicias spirant, toto quas pectore Princeps

Exoptat: palmam referas, atque annue votis.

O Virgo ante alias, quam regius ardet Amator,

Eoum qui sceptrâ quatit metuenda per orbem !

Sic fatus, Solioque simul delapsus ab aureo,

Passu humili accedens, oblâti pignus amoris

Tendebam supplex; altæque Insignia Frontis

Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,

Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.

O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogâni)

Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & spectanda decoræ

Premia

Præmia frontis habe; Sociis prælata puellis
Splendebis; Sociæ peragent tua jussa puellæ.
Surge age, deliciæ; sequere ô mea sola voluptas!

Protinus heu! quantus dolor ingruit! ut furor ar-
dens

Invasit sensus, & perculit intima cordis;
Cum sertum adjecit Virgo, fastuque modesto
Tristior, avertens candentia colla, refugit!

Luçantem jussit celare Superbia curam;
Ægrum animum queror, & somni Solatia posco:
Mox epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui
Sollicitus; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,
Qui servant nostras veteri de more puellas,
Ut ducant Nypham thalami in secreta, torisque
Ornatis Dominum instantem sperare juberent.

Anxius atq; moræ impatiens (Amor Itaq; mentem
Præcipitant) Nympham sequor indefessus iniquam;
Accessi donisque petens precibusque fatigans,
Imbellesque iterum gemitus & mollia vota
Turpiter effudi; querulo jam murmure supplex,
Elatâ mox voce minans: neglectaque dona
Antes pedes iterum posui; seu mallet Amoris
Cedere deliciis, seu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa sed invictas aures inimica tenebat;
Et paulum avertens, irâ mistoque dolore,
Occupat, Hic ille est SOLOMON? totumq; per orbem
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapiëntia Regis?

Te

Te coram hoc imbelli vides horrescere corpus ;
Id fortuna potest ; nescit mens libera frangi ;
Victorisque minas & inania vincula temnit.

Te Fama est, Vatum Princeps, Te posse Deorum
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moresque Ferarum
Pandere ; Te docto sermone exponere cæci
Ut turbant animum Affectus, utque arbitra fluctus
Componit Ratio ; arrestæque edicere turbæ
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ :
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique pacem
Latiùs expatiari animum ; Teque optima lætos
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus ?
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur ?
Quid tibi mens agitat ? quid jam meditaris ? Amorem ?
Res Amor incerta est : hac unâ ab origine luctus
Gaudiaque exundant ; varios hinc Vita colores
Induitur ; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.
Ille pius sanctusque excelsi D A V I D I S Hæres
Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,
Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet ?
Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,
Atque instar lethi discrimina tollere Amorem ;
Dum tamen indomitas misero sub pectore vires
Exerçet, Tu sola Deum per vulnera sentis ;

Sæviet implacatus adhuc; frontem usque severam
 Contrahet, atra mei nisi vincant nubila Rîsus.

Sponte sua surgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos
 Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,
 Æqua utrinque alimenta trahens; dum pectora flam-
 mas

Utraque dant similes, & mutua gaudia miscent.
 Donec spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,
 Germina se expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis
 Floribus, & circum suaves funduntur odores.
 Pabula fin blanda hæc defint, hic mutuus ardor
 Deficiat; languet collapsæ vertice Planta,
 Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.

Vi sævâ vin'clisque immitia corda ferarum
 Vincimus: expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.
 Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,
 Irâ animum satians; nec inania gaudia speres
 Virgine ab invitâ; spolies licet invidus arva,
 Non messem referes optatam. En! aspice regnâ
 Quam tibi sint arcti fines: Te torva tuentem
Judæi metuant, patriâque superbus in Aulâ
 Se jactet SOLOMON: sed lætâ fronte petendus
 Mollis Amor; folium lentis accede verendum
 Passibus; utque abeas felix, assuesce placere.

Nil tamen hîc artes poterunt præstare placendi;
 Est mihi, qui dudum sibi me devinxit; amores

Abstulit

Abstulit Ille meos : nec Jussa minæque feroces
 Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
 Mecum iniit Juvēnis : junxit data dextra vicissim
 Concordes ; neque vana animos fiducia fallit.

Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,
 Cœlituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
 Spectavere fidem, lætūm plaudentibus alis,
 Fœdera que æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat ; aufer
 His oculis dudūm contemptæ munera lucis :
 Me moriente tui malefanos pectoris ignes
 Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ ;
 Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas
 Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,
 (Obtestor metuenda *Ægypti* Numina) sævis
 Te sequar usque odiis ; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.
 Quin ferias, inquit ; nudumque ad vulnera pectus
 Exposuit : memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis
 Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, DAVIDE natum
 Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, tripidus victusque pudore,
 Sic mecum : heu ! nimio languescens pectora luxu,
 Exere te, S O L O M O N, lapsamque recollige mentem ;
 Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponte dolores.
 Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas
 Spes avidas umbra duxit fugiente, (superbum

Sic

Sic Fortuna animam illudit) quod pectore toto
 Optavi impatiens, habet improba Nympha, negatque.
 Ergone me Regem *Judæi*, mene fatentur
 Gentes? & mea vox trepidantia flamina vitæ
 Conservat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo
 Dum veneror, ridetque meas Virguncula vires?

An rapiam invitam? fugiat tam turpis Imago!
 Hoc prono pecori Me æquaverit. — Anne remittam?
 O! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, cujus in ulnas?
 Illuc quæ SOLOMON nunquam vestigia figit;
 Brachia quæ Juvenis ferventia pandet amatus,
 Cui servans decus Illa suum, munera spernit.

Improbe Amor, quales misero de corde triumphos
 Sævus agis! quam triste jugum! quam cuspis iniqua!
 Illæsus vivit, qui fræna audire recusat;
 Et lacerant fidos asperrima vulnera servos.

En! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla; quid optes
 Nobilius? spolia unde magis memoranda reportes?
 Cur Nympha usque adeo sævam intractabilis aurem
 Obstruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur?
 Nescio quem vilem populi de fæce Bubulcum
 Cur petit, ardentisque amplexus DAVIDÆ nati
 Contemnit? demens, quæ Principis atria spernat,
 Quæ pompam inter opesque effusaque gaudia lætus
 Regnat Amor. Casa nimirum, Casa fordida, summa
 Monte tremens, ventis sævoque obnoxia cælo,
 Avocat; hinc vivos compescet pectoris ignes

Res angusta domi, veneremque extinguet egestas.

Ah nimis! imperium viresque fatentor Amoris
Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant :

Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit

Græcia, vel fuso spirantem ostendit in auro ;

Quem *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.

Arcum dextra minax gestat, lævoque pharetra

Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas

Suffinet, immitis lacrymosa Insignia regni.

Insidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces

Jam movet accelerans ; reduces mox flectere gaudet ;

Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.

Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo

Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammæ.

Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ ;

Dira hominum pestis ! pereant, precor, aspera tela,

Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus !

O ! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent !

Lassatus trepides, pennâ languenta moreris,

Ni cursum huc teneas, versamq; reducere Nympham

Approperes, ægro meditans solatia Regi.

Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,

Nymphæ

Heu ! frustra cupidam, meditantem oblivia frustra ;

Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortiùs institit illinc

Sævus Amor : fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.

Curarum

Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus
Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.

Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,
Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.

At brevia heu! longos abrumpunt otia luctus;
Tarda venit requies; celeri pede Cura recurrit.
Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant
Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)
Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,
Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,
Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Jussa
Præveniens, motusque oculi servabat herilis;
Abra (hoc nomen erat) comes adstitit usque parato
Obsequio; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.
Abra animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,
Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

Sollicito ardentem studio videre puellam
Jamdudum æquales: risum officiosa movebat
Sedulitas; me verò haudquaquam insueta videntem
Impatiens labor iste operosaque Cura latebat.
Dum tandem admonuit Fama, insolitosque ministræ
Ipse etiam sensi fervere conscius ignes.

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam sparferat ignem,
Tranquillâ sub nocte negotia longa diei
Diluere, atque animo volui dare fessus habenas,
Fæmineis secreta fovens convivium testis.

Accumbens purgare manus lustralibus undis
(Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.

Abra suas tum fortè vices fortita, recentem

Ritè dabat lympham & dulces miscebat odores.

Mox humiles demissa genas & supplice passu
Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces
Infundens latices, trepidabat corpore toto.

Jamque meos inhians vultus ardensque tuendo,
Conscia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo
Necquicquam obluetans suspiria corde trahebat.

Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?
Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine? Vitæ

Secreto sic calle latens, Tu pectoris æstus
Nostin' ? Tu curasque & gaudia, spesque metusque ?
Nimirum tuto sub pectore, blandula Virgo,
Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitat ictu.

Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta ; Pudorque
Ornavit fractam vocem & trepidantia verba.

Supplicis ancillæ series miseranda dolorum
Si fortè attentas intrabit Principis aures,
Ah ! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes
Per populos das jura ; Supercilii que minacis
Absint horrentes rugæ, frontisque verenda
Majestas ; & amica exporrigere mitiùs ora.

Est mandare Tuum ; mihi Jussa capeffere fas est :
Et quanquam ah ! renovem crudelia vulnera fando ;

Si

Si modò Tu facilè vultum præbere querenti
Digneris, luctus si Rex miseretur obortos,
Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conscia fydera, testor,
Celari neque enim fas est; incendor amore:
Si fit amor, venis effrænem agitare furem,
Et sine Spe miserum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques
Occulto, varioque doces se flectere motu;
Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis
Abjungis spatiis causam finemque dolorum?
Ille, meo sævos qui pectore suscitât ignes,
Splendentiq; oculo neglectam heu! perculit *Abram*;
Obscurâ si stirpe satus, si Patre Bibulco
Vixisset Custosve boum, pecorisve magister;
Manè comes summos superâram sedula montes,
Ardentesque æstus temnens, brumamque rigentem;
Usque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.
Ille ubi nocte domum speratus venerat hospes,
Condideram dulci convivia inempta labore;
Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine testis,
Obvia venturo misissem ardentia longè
Lumina per campos; trepida inter spemque metumque;
Gaudia dum secum ferret rediviva, canisque
Blandulus adventum Domini monstraret amati.
Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudisque papillis

Acclinem, dulces fuasiffem carpere fomnos :
 Et capite à molli, Phœbi redeuntis ad ortum,
 Sollicita elapfum subducere lene lacertum,
 Exieram, foetus ftabulo miffura coaâtos,
 Et Pecori blanda, & Paftoris amica quieti.

Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,
 (Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in peâora flammam
 Cœlitùs immitti) natalem ornaverât horam
 Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmâ longo,
 Cor impunè altùm fe evexerat, & mea vota
 fpirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipfa *Sabæâ*
 Principe, fpectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum
 Luſtratura Virum ; molles avidâ aure Poetæ
 Exceptura fonos & ab ore fluentia mella.
 Libaffem fimul à roſeis redolentia labris
 Ofcula, quæ dulces viciffent thuris odores.
 Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâſſet
 Singulaque eximiæ miracula pingere formæ !
 Quam radii mites oculorum ; Solis adinſtar,
 Pura repercuffos ignes cum temperat unda !
 Quam rubet aureus ora ; finumque argenteus albet !
 Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crînes
 Cornicis plumam exſuperant ; certare labellis
 Coccineus metuât rubor, Hesperiumque corallum.
 Ut dentes nitido ſtant ordine, more coævî

Jam tonfr Gregis, emerfque à flumine vivo,
Candida in aprico ficcantis vellera faxo !
Sapphiris ut fiquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,
Vena super niveam turgescens cœrula dextram
Effulget. Quas Crura ostentant fortia vires,
Quamque decora nitent, Parias imitata Columnas !
Ut toto attollit se corpore ! surgit in auras
Palmæ instar, pinuque caput sublimior effert.
Suavè crocum redolent Vestes Myrrhamq; fluentem,
Et caput ambrosii circùm jactantur odores.
Quid loquor aut ubi sum ? heu ! infelix, incia Virgo !
Quin morere ô ! morere *Abra* ; eheu nimis ausa fateri
Quam Tibi Cor ardens aspirat Principis alto
Misceri amplexu, ferofque beare nepotes ;
Plaudente ut populo Te illustret regia Proles,
Felicemque novis jactes. SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hic lacrymis lingua interrupta filefcit obortis ;
Currarum ô triftis series ! malefana Puella !
Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit ;
In me frustra alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.
Hei mihi ! adhuc altè cruciatis fenfibz hæret
Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,
Et *Pharium* vinc'lum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitûs (dixi) poterit volventibus annis
Priucipis opprobrii vanescere triftis Imago ;
Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,

Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores.
 Luferit Affectus, seu Marte subegerit Hostis,
 Cautior intendat totos Sapiaientia nervos,
 Servatâque semel metuât virtute relabi.

Abra sed interea — quæfita accedere ad ora
 Sæpiùs indulgi; nam sic Clementia suavit
 Ancillæ miseros paulum lenire dolores.
 Verus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;
 Tangimur & veros ultrò miseresimus ignes.
 Assiduam blandâ spectavi fronte ministram;
 Et semper studiosam accedere, sæpe vocavi.
 Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magisque
 Paulatim in venas tacitum insinuavit amorem.

Sera ubi fæmineis agerem convivia tectis,
 (Jam tum sola dedi leviuscula tempora Nymphæ)
 Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,
 Illius à dextrâ melius sapere Placentæ.
 Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,
 Constructas nisi blanda epulas ornaverât *Abra*:
 Nequicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,
 Ridentem nisi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.
 Carmina miscerent cum vespertina Puellæ
 Equantes parili citharæ modulamina cantu;
 Languidiùs Vox illa, argutiùs illa sonabat,
 Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est.
 Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*
 Sola melos: Sociis prælata, insignior ibat;

Nec

Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.
Arctius ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,
Pulcrrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis ;
Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyrøpi
Pectora vicini commendavere rubores :
Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,
Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.
Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi
Gratior effulsit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ
Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri :
Saucia corda libet paulum lenire vicissim,
Conceptosque fovere astris melioribus ignes.
Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali ? quæ causa timoris ?
Tam tenera insultare potest ? tam blandula lædet ?
Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere ?
Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque recessum
Inveniam ; sine fraude animum solabitur *Abra*,
Et Pax alma semel comitem sese addet amori.

Magne Deus, quam cæcus Homo est ! quam fortis
iniquæ

Ludibrium infelix ; laqueos sibi tendere natus !
Viribus heu ! nostris nimium confidimus ; hostis
Nec fatis insidias adversaque tela cavemus :
Altiùs inflatas ventosa superbia mentes
Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.
Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,

Dum revocare licet vestigia : nulla pericli
 Securos terret facies ; frænisque remissis
 Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.
 Florifero deinde in prato aut viridante sub umbrâ
 Lascivè fusi languentia membra, repletos
 Inter Crateras, variæque nitentia ferta,
 Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus :
 Dum tandem erumpens violentior ingruit Æstus,
 Turbidus immiscet terramque & Sydera nimbus ;
 Præcipitesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati
 Vexamur serò malè credula corda dolore :
 Se circum capita agglomerant pereuntia fluctus,
 Mærentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

O latè dominator Amor ! tua sceptra latentem
 Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum ?
 Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes ?
 Quæ varias aperire potest Sapiëntia formas
 Infidiis vestris ritè inservire paratas,
 Cum miseros sævo meditaris perdere ludo ?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendî
 Arma palam induitur, belloque laceffit inermes :
 Elato vultu incessuque patet Dea : stat mens
 Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque casibus, audet
 Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea scuto præcordia septa virili
 Claudentes, dum non inhonesta Superbia munit ;
 Ducimur egregiæ laudis muliebria Gesta

Mirari, nostræ virtutis imagine capti.

Quæ placuisse potest, facili dulcedine vincet;

Quos hodie incendit, cras sub juga mittet amantes.

Vitra oculis Ratio prætereunda fida videtur;

Quàm fallax! Formæ quàm incerta resultat Imago!

Mirantes animum, & perculsi luminis igne,

Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, speramus amores.

Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela ministras,

Mœrorem effusum & passos sine lege capillos:

Voce querens humili ducit miserabile carmen,

Hærentisque vicem supplent Suspiria linguæ.

Concipit hinc generosa incendia pectus honestum;

Tollimus afflictam sustentamusque jacentem:

Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,

Et lenit miserum Pietas humana dolorem;

Curarum intereà nobis contagia furtim.

Obrepunt, similique jubent languescere luctu;

Cingimus ah! sero munimine ductile pectus,

Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liquefcere pronum.

Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque favior alter,

Quâ fraude elusus, quâ vi turbabitur Hostis?

Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,

Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita fastu?

An licet externam sperare aliunde medelam,

Cum Pectus fallax internum admiserit hostem?

Ille intus domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,

Palantisque Ducis cæcus vestigia flectit.

Janque

Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis
 Colla mihi captiva coërcuit ; Illa repletum
 Possedit mihi cor, Illa unica ; Spesque voluptasque
 Omnis in Illâ affixa pependit : ut abfuit Illa,
 Multa moram incusans gemitus lugubrè profudi ;
 Ocyus Illa redûx gemitus luctusque fugavit :
 Nox orta est, adeunte ; Dies, veniente, refulsit.

Ordine Conventus, Scenæ, ludique sequuntur
 Larvati : facit Illa melôs, facit Illa choreas :
 Tot formas habitusque novos induta nitescit,
 Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.

In campo dominata hodiè sub tegmine palmæ
 Vestra arma & vestros sibi, *Debera*, sumit amictus ;
 Victricique sedet frontem circumdata lauro :
 Ipse instar *Baraci* vestigia pronus adoro :
 Turba Illi fictos canit obsequiosa triumphos,
 Illam effert clademque Hosti Patriæque columnarum.

Cras mitem induitur faciem moresque serenos,
 Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis ;
 Molliùs incedens Mulier jam rustica, Villâ
 Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere visit.
 Depositis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis
 Collatum certant cantando rependere munus
 Dum feror incessu spectabilis ipse paterno
 Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abra* si mens vaga gestiat ire
 Latius in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces ;

Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus
Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.
Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori
Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*
Expectat. Prodit jam tandem : corpore purus
Partim *Arabum* partim *Persarum* è semine natus
Vestat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,
(*Sidonix* quo more solent *Thressæque* puellæ)
Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,
Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.
Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,
Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus :
Auræque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit):
Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.
Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis
Crescentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.
Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* simillima ; vultus,
Incessum, vocemque agnoscimus : ipsa *DIANA*,
Ipsa Dea est ; digno veneramur honore, Deæque
Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.
Vocali insignem Chorus accinit ore *DIANAM* ;
Altiùs & lituorum unâ clangorque tubarum
Divinas effert laudes : pulsare triumphi.
Oppositos Colles : Colles iterare triumphos.
Cras si fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltûs
Lenire ad vitreas piscosi fluminis undas
Suaserit ; extemplò artifices se mille labori

Addunt, & Regis certatim Jussa capeffunt.
 Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum
 Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Infula surgit.
 In medio, Carrus folido ftat fulgidus auro,
 Cui vifi gemere argentei sub ponderi Cyni.
Abra Dea infignis folio fedet alta corufco,
Argolicæ VENERIS vultus induta decoros.
 Circumfufa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris
 Egregias celebrant dulci modulaminè laudes.
 Dum magni intereà Spectaculi pompa propinquat,
 Et VENEREM lætæ clamant inftare Catervæ;
 Cultor Ego heu! nimium fupplex in margine terræ
 Extremo, fervens avidâ fpe brachia tendo
 Excipere impatiens furgentem è gurgite Divam,
 O Ratio fubjecta jacens! ô fave Cupido!
 Quò tamen ulterius mea fe Dementia ferret?
 Satne erit, ut Nympham fuma ad faftigia ducam
 Intra ædes claufas vel amica filentia Villæ:
 Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno
 Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?
 Quin omni potiùs *Solyma* fpectante coronâ
 Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:
 Solennis dapibus Menfis datur; hofpitioque
 Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.
 Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,
 Huc varios mittunt fœtus Sylvæque Lacusque,
 Huc *Arabum* & Deferta *Ægypti*; huc fertur Edule

Quod.

Quodcunque est; vix ipse fugit convivium *Phœnix*.
Commistis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ
Dulce sonant *Abra* decus & mea gaudia : servi
Quinetiam Vates præconia sordida fingunt,
Et celebrant nostros numeris mendacibus ignes.
Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,
Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,
Se jactat spectatam omni notamque popello
Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magistram.

Huc coeunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,
Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit : honorum
Hi mercaturas agitant ; hi munera donant,
Multa nec immodicis par est provincia votis.
Scilicet his primùm monstrantibus *Abra* nocendi
Edidicit varias artes ; orare, filere,
Atque leves summis adjungere rebus amores :
Imperiumque suum certis firmare peritè
Legibus, & dulci exitio mea fallere Corda.
Hinc etiam acceptum, miserum mihi tradidit Illa
Consilium, Regum esse animis obducere vela :
Et mala fucato celantes pectora vultu
Assiduos agitare dolos ; dumque Hostibus almi
Obsequio arident blando, contemnere Amicos.
Mox Ego præsidia imperii certissima sperno
BARZILLÆ magni sobolem, atrocisque *BENAIÆ*
Progeniem egregiam ; quorum subiere Parentes
Davideas curas, juveni sua gaudia Regi

Testantes,

'Testantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*
 Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.
 Ocyus (ah triste auspicium!) cumulantur honore,
 Quos mihi reddiderat dementia nostra timendos,
 Mordacis *Shimeique* genus, *Coræque* propago;
 Qui turpes facilem experti sunt *DAVIDA*, quanquam
 Calcâssent leges, Regique indigna tulissent.

Crescit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis
 Neglecti crescunt: subvertens fasque nefasque
 Fœmina dux rerum, fixit decreta refixitque,
 Et Nymphæ instabiles flexit vox unica leges.

Oblitus Patriæ solâque moratus in *Abra*
 Factaque Conceptusque Illi Vitamque dicabam:
 Non potui læso Rationem opponere cordi;
Abra ibi se dominam asseruit, pars optima nostri.
 Quòd si jam nostrum steterat *Lis* ante tribunal
 Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores
 Accepi Juvenis: Simulatæ lingua parentis
 Fuderat illecebras frustrâ, blandamque loquelam;
 Frustrâ etiam Veræ trepidantia viscera matris
 Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura;
 Utrique elusæ fatum decreverat *Abra*
 Ore potens placido servare & perdere torvo.

Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam
 Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.
 Pupillis miseris questus funduntur inanes,
 Nec tangunt nostram Viduæ suspiria mentem:

Neglectæ

Neglectæ lites pendent infamè ; supino
 Opprobrium injiciunt Domino cessantia Jura.
 Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta
 Audirent, suaque in melius præcepta referrent ;
 Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS
 Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.
 Discinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum
 Non intermisso traxerunt otia ludo.
 Quin nudæ tectis in puplica commoda turres
 Eductæ steterunt ; oneravit machina muros
 Nutantes immanè ———
 Expectant mediæ fastigia summa columnæ,
 Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu :
 Artifices languent, tristesque abrupta queruntur
 Mænia : Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes
 Magni sacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.

Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,
 Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.
 Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens
 Altior omnigenas iit indefessa per artes ;
 Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientia fines
 Virtutis Vitique: diserto cujus ab ore
 Plurima quæ fluxit Sapientia, tradita fidis
 Spirat adhuc chartis ; Patrumque in frontibus hæret
 Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,
 Atque insigne senum pariter Decus ? Ergone nescit
 Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æstum ?

Ille

Ille quid admonuit ? quid nos advertimus aures ?
 Moribus ipsa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,
 Et quo plura sciat, culpâ graviore laborat.

Turba faceta magis, leviori scommate, (sertis
 Ut vincti roseis genio indulgere) vicissim
 Hauferunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abræ*
 Formosæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis
 Gloria *Judæi*: Pars laudavere jocose,
 Tam bene quem Luxus cum Majestate deceret:
 Advertere alii quantùm pugnaret Amori
 Consilium ; factisque meis mea dicta refellunt.
 Rex vivat tamen, (hic inquit) regnoque fruatur :
 Quem memoras Regem ? (Alter ait ;) neque enim am-
 plius audit

Rex SOLOMON ; patriæ dudùm immemor Ille suiq;
 Servit amans *Abræ* : quid nostrum pejus uterque
 Patraret ? nobis fluat ordine Vita soluto,
 Si sic, quæis animo melior sententia, peccant.
Dina premat vario lascivos flore capillos ;
 Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulset
 Fila lyræ : dulces mellis fine acumine succos
 Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.
 Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas ;
 Seria deducunt animum & mœrore fatigant.
 Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magister
 Hæc mea Dicta, suis meritò ascribenda libellis.

Sentimus

Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri
 O Ratio, exerces trepido quæ pectore dura
 Imperia! ut gaudes sævas imponere leges,
 Si, sapere ut possim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,
 Majoresque premant meditantem plura dolores:
Judæa misero Regi si gaudia Vitæ
 Deliciasque adimas, ut Principe digna sequatur;
 Et Curâ paulum mutatâ, vincula Amoris
 Exutum Tu compescas graviore catenâ!

Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum
 Sævitiâ queror immitem fascesque potentes;
 Cum sis interea nihil heu! nisi nomen inane;
 Quot Capitem vivunt, totidem variata figuris
 Diversis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,
 Mendaces formas, fluxosque induta colores?
 Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra! Catena,
 Quâ sese alternis Hominum genus acre coërcent,
 Quam primùm finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.

Sis tamen invisum nomen seu vera potestas,
 Te quacunq; libet deducere origine, vires
 Agnosco, sævâ præcordia cuspide fixus.
 Te sensere intus luctantia pectora, Fatis
 Decretam dare jura, & debita sceptrâ tenentem.
 Cedo equidem; supplex edicta superba faceßam;
 Unica erit merces Virtus sibi: Cedo, rebellis
Judæa! infelix à nostrâ mente Puella
 Exulet æternum: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.

Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur ; *Abra*
 Vincula nec patiar, populo servire paratus ;
 Seque anima imbellis forti submittet iniquæ :
 Pro dolor ! audebo miser esse viriliter, ut Rex
 Incedam, multâque in Majestate gemiscam.

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luctu
 Aliûs, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.
 Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatae,
 Linquendæ tamen æternûm, portanda puellæ.
 Expofuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox
 Littera, Majestas quantum pugnaret Amori :
 Addidit, & Nymphæ memorem fore, dum memora
 effem.

Ipse mei ; longumque Vale : composceret ignes
 Heu malè conceptos, jussi ; connubia votis
 Appeteret magis apta suis, thalamosque minores :
 Atque humili vitæ cursu, paribusque Hymenæis
 Dedita, transigeret reliquos felicior annos.

Perlegit, extemploque ad Me se corripit amens,
 Ad Me, præsentem curas lenire priores :
 Sollicitans flexis genibus, luctata, minasque
 Et lacrymas dedit alternis ; jam languida jamque
 Ardescens : tandem ulteriùs data nulla dolendi
 Copia ; corripitur, nostroque miserrima Virgo
 (Illa meos potuit quæ sola inflectere sensus)
 Fertur ab aspectu ; mox exspes, fracta dolore,
 Effudit miseram properato funere vitam,

Et

Et vana imperia infaustosque reliquit Amores.

Fare age si poteris, Mens conscia, quanta dolorum.
Agmina opes in Te simul effudere coactas :
Quas Furias & quos ignes, quæ sæva tulisti
Spicula ; Curarum quam multa oppressit Imago !
Me quoties regni à strepitu in secreta removi,
Nequicquam tacitum pascens sub pectore vulnus ?
O quoties labente diæ, blanda oscula, amores
Præteritos reputans, in Nymphâ absente morabar
Anxius ? ô quam sæpe oculis muliebria passim
Ora pererrabam, cari vestigia vultûs
Siqua forent ? libuit folio mihi sæpe relicto
Solam inter tacitos sylvarum ambire recessus :
Sæpe etiam in somnis per longa silentia noctis,
Floriferasque super Valles, perque alta sequebar
Flumina : surgentem auroram spectare pigebat,
Cum fugerent gratæ fraudes & amabilis Error.

Dum fremeret trepidante diu sub pectore luctans,
Et magis atque magis ferveret Æstus Amoris ;
Evicit tandem fines ; Rationis habenas
Audire impatiens, rapido sese impete volvit,
Molliaque indignans Naturæ fœdera rupit.

Montibus haud aliter summis, quorum antra coërcent
Concava congestasque nives pluviasque tumentes,
Dum spatiis nimis angustis negat unda teneri ;
Sese præcipitem Torrens agit, ut fuga nulla
Prævertat cursu, vis nulla retardet euntem :

Quin

Quin urbes rapiens sylvasque armenta virosque
 Obruit ; horrescit communi funere tellus,
 Et referunt procul ingeminatum Saxa dolorem.

Jamque, furor quocunq; rapit, Quæ turpiter aufi,
 Oblitus decorisque mei Soliique paterni !

Ut falsis acclivem animum per mille secutus

Ambages Vitii curvas, cæcosque recessus !

Jam patrias, jamque externâ de gente puellas
 Sordidus in thalami gremium commune recepi.

Mutavi flammam assidue : Quamcunque beatam

Viderat una dies, neglectam postera vidit ;

Utque animum movit fluitantem incerta libido,

Has, illas, arsi impatiens, captasque reliqui.

O ! precor, ô ! fugiant mortalia lumina Scenæ

Infames ; tacitam inducant Oblivia nubem ;

Et nigram errorum Seriem super incubet umbra

Densior, offusæque æterna silentia noctis !

Vel feri tantum compendia parva Nepotes

Et scelerum signa accipiant, quibus undique Gentes

Cognoscant monitæ, vitiis Opprobria nasci,

Et certos Levitate animi fluxisse Dolores.

Defidiâ languens penitus luxuque solutus,

Noctem epulis ludisque, & somno perdere lucem

Consuevam : tandem oppressas nova pabula flammæ

Accumulata necant ; aciesque hebetatur amor

Mutato toties ; propriâ vi fracta libido

Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.

Quin

Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,
 Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes;
 Jam neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,
 Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa:
 Torpescunt pigri sensus; mentique sepultæ
 Iugeni veteres vestigia nulla supersunt.
 Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque
 Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia; fractæ
 Paulatim frigent effæto in corpore vires,
 Et blando ulterius Vitio superesse recusant.

Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis;
 Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum;
 Nympha superba jubet nunc *Persica* syrmate longo
 Verrere humum & lento spectandum incedere passu;
 Jamque *Syra* (indignum!) cantus interque *Choreas*
 Crure tenus medio vestes suceingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, ritusque & dissona Sacra,
 Quidlibet insanum suadente sequebar Amicæ.
 Dira *Philistinæ* vereor dum jussa, *Dagonis*
 Invisi ante aras adolescit flamma; regente
 Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldææ* altaria fumant,
Affyrioque Dea fervent redolentia Thura.
 Usque novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,
 Quotque arsi Nymphas, colui tot sacra Deosque.

Quo fugit Ratio, sensus deluse? paterni
 Quo sese eripuit Majestas ardua regni?
 Quò fugere sacrae Virtutis Dogmata, vivo

Quæ

Quæ data fonte DEUS primis mihi tradidit annis ;
 Dum veneror cæcas *Pbariâ* monstrante puellâ
 Effigies, nuper Cœlo data numina, quorum
 Fana suis hos ante dies haud viderat oris
Judæa ; infames superos, armenta deorum
 Turpia, *Osirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus ; & sua thura
 Et ritus habet obscœnos latrator *Anubis*.
 Quin marmor vetitâ sylvosi montis in umbrâ
 Cædebam in varias facies, cæsoque ferebam
 Ipse preces supplex , mediâque palude, nefandâ
 Relligione ardens, colubras muscasque verebar,
 Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque vilia cultus
 Accepere suos, timuique quod ante ferebam :
 Omnia honore sacro donans Animalia, solum
 Præterii, cœlum & terras Qui numine torquet.

Per cæcam hanc animi nubem tristeq ; per umbras
 Tenuia cœperunt jam tandem albescere lucis
 Semina ; nascentis radii nova flammula spargi
 Per nubem, optatæ præstans promissâ diei.
 Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem
 Despectum vidi : tardè mea jussâ Ministri
 Egerunt, fugitque sacri Reverentia vultûs,
 Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis
 Certatim proferre, suisque obducere nubem.
Davidis oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,
 Et fermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.
 Dum pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato
 Monstraret vitiorum exempla miserrima ; mores

Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.
Hoc Custos iterum atq; iterum memoravit Alumnis,
Principe deliro Sanus præstantior Infans.

In me converti Rationis lumen, & imam
Altiùs ut mentem scrutabar, plura dolebam ;
Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis instar,
Agnoscent Gentes, vultuque & voce moventur ;
Vincula libertasque, infamia turpis, honorque,
Et Fata à nostro pendent trepidantia nutu.
Heu ! nimiùm jactat sese me gloria ; Regem
Judææ innumeri cogunt servire Tyranni :
Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum infana Caterva
Principis everſæ menti dominantur ; & Ipse,
Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,
Ipse jugo turpi submittit colla, protervi
Mancipium Domini, stimulosque cupidinis acres
Sentit iners, sævoque piger sub Verbere torpet.

Te compello iterum, ô Ratio ! miserere doloris
Effusi, miserere, oro, & succurre labanti.
Nimirùm cœlis Sapientia nascitur ; altos
Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.
Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altissima mentis
Sceptra parùm metuenda manu sustentat inertis ;
Incola si gravior surgat, folioque potitam
Vi majore premens, cogat sibi cedere Victor.

Sis verò licet imbellis, sis mollis inersque,
Consilio tamen orba tuo Mens inscia, cursu

Incauto tutæ vestigia linqueret alta
Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans
Unguentum, lætas pertentat suaviter aures
Laudis honos meritæ ; quod si labatur in uruam
Muscula, contacti dulces violantur odores ;
Balsamaque, heu ! quantum mutata, inamabile spirant.
Sic minimas labes inter pulcherrima facta
Si spargas hinc inde, lues subnascitur atra,
Contrahit informes maculas purissima Virtus,
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique pestis.

Infelix SOLOMON ! mitte has de pectore curas :
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ ;
Demissis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum
Carmine dum celebret Musa immortalis, honores
Accumulans famæ meritos ; tua crimina sola
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcet
Nomina, mansurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me tandem eripui è somnis, oculosque patentes
Conscius erexi ; bilem movere cohortes
Fœminæ, Turbæque Deorum : stat mihi certum
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto
Oceano Viti : Querulos hinc mœsta resurgens
Musa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ
Gaudia ; sublimique audens se attollere pennâ,
Spes hominum fragiles sævi ludibria fati,
Divitias frustra aggestas, ingrataque honorum

Tælia prosequitur, miserasque libidinis atræ
Blanditias : aperitque dolos, nugæque fatetur.

P O T E N T I A.

L I B E R T E R T I U S.

ERGO age, Pars Nostrî melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima ! hoc Ego Te, quæcunque es, no-
mine dignor :

Conscius Ipse Meî per Te, Te pectore toto
Percipio, viresque tuas & munera nosco.
Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia ; de Te
Tot Vates diversa canit, diversa Sacerdos.

An Genus obscurum & stirpis vulgare fateris
Principium, lætæ forsan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ quæ se certo ordine miscent
Mirifico rerum motu faustoque Atomorum
Concursu implicitæ : hinc fato statuentem juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur ; trepidas, audes, ducisque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut sanguis se concitat æstu,
Utque calor magis ardescit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta viges viridante ævo, languente senescis :
Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
Laberis in fumum tenuisque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem

Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
 Scintilla ætherii ; divinæ Particula auræ,
 Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdere juncta,
 Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
 Per varias comitata vices variosque dolores :
 Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri ;
 Ut Bona vel Mala percipere ; & pallore fateri
 Irarum rabiem, aut flammæ sentire pudoris ;
 Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
 Concilio ; & rerum varius ceu postulat usus,
 Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
 Nobilitates, aptum paci, bellicque potentem.
 Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
 Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
 It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
 Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
 Inclusas ; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
 Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia
 cæco

Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
 Pectoris insanos motus sedantis, ut alta
 Sit Tibi pax ; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
 Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
 Fac age, quodcunque aggredieris, fac arbitra certum
 Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
 Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ

• • Ardua.

*Ardua, pulcra petant : Et Vitam disce ferendo,
An curis hominum & tanto fit digna labore.*

*Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantum
Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
In se Hominem, pecudum sensus, aliumq; vigorem
Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.*

*Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.*

*En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
Protrahitur miser in lucem; auxiliique alieni
Indigus, in genibus maternis nudulus hæret!*

*Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
Ejiciturve foras; genitrici languet iniquæ
Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte foventis.*

*Mollis adhuc fragilisque oculus fugit acria lucis
Tela, diemq; novum; infuetam male sustinet auram
Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti*

*Æstuat. Ut variâ perculsus imagine rerum
Obstupet! ut pavet attonitus! Membra irrequieta
Luclantem interius produnt augentque dolorem:*

*Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.*

Mox ut paulatim affurgit puerilibus annis,
Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
Concipit à nugis : cum firma adoleverit ætas,
Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
Implicitum ; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe ;
Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
Infelix latus : hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
Hinc sævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
Quin facta inquirat Populus ; laudesque maligno
Ore filet ; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
Nec cœtu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
Derisor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis
Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
Si verò his lassus turbis, secreta ferarum
Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquat ;
Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosq ; recessus
Addit se comitem ; innumeris Mens usque secuta
Turbat Imaginibus : palantemque implicat Error,
Ceum nemorum ambage illusum ; aut torrentis iniqui
More ruens, rapido permit acrior impete Cura.
Multa animo versans, varioque exercitus æstu,
Dulce miser Socii alloquium desiderat ; audit
Attonitus mœstos saxa ingeminare dolores,
Seque fugit trepido deserta per avia cursu.
Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
Vexamur cæcis animorum Affectibus : atris

Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanum,
Fulfuros olim meliori lumine Soles ?
Instabiles Hominum Sensus, terpidantia ut Ægri
Somnia, profiliunt volucres ; cursuque citato
Semper amant amota sequi, fugientiaque ardent
Arripere : usque adeo, somni fallacis Imago,
Spes malesuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus.
Horrescunt, miseramque viam remeare recusant.
Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur ;
Nec mora, nec requies ; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
Otia venantes nequicquam, effœtaque membra
Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est : hesternæ recentes
Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
Craftina Lux referet ; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes ?
Quid deformem Ursam, rabidumq ; per arva Leonem

Grassantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum :
 Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
 Pendentesque immane minaci vertice rupes ?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque die spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis : Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi secat æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.
 Sæpe unâ densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altisque à montibus agmine facto,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges ; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repetitis ictibus artus ?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes ! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo !
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas sæva Podagra
 Exercet furias ! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura ; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit :
 Dum gemitum assiduum & longos finire dolores

Mors venerata negat ; lectoque abscedit acerbo
Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrimata formæ
Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit ;

Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
Dextera ; nec domini votis respondet, amoris

Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactûs.

Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam

Fila lyræ ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit

Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis

Desistit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.

Mons viridi hîc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem

Ridet picta sinum, quem lucidus alluit amnis :

Illic cœruleos fluctus canentia volvunt

Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ :

Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,

Cum languent hēbetatæ acies, oculosque natantes

Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget

Alma dies : spissi descendunt largiûs imbres,

Seque iterum scindunt nebulæ & diffunditur æther.

At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ

Jam poterunt recreare Vices ; non aurea Solis

Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo

Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur ; iniqua

Nox cingit, tristesque urgent sine fine tenebræ.

En ! ubi succumbit sævæ miseranda Senectæ

Victima ! languentes oculos, dextramq; trementem

Aspice ! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus !

Sensibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia fomni,

Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ,

Vincula, diffilientque ; ruet volventibus annis

Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.

Scilicet hæc fati lex est : moriemur honoris

Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.

Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem ;

Gens cadit hæc ; nova surgit, abit, sequiturque prio-
rem ;

Ævi quæque brevis, terræque exorta parente,

Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena ; coronet

Alma salus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.

En ! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei

Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates :

Sole oriente iterum prodit ; labor usque recurrit,

Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti

Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.

Forfitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet

Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito

Filia : Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum

Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.

Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici

Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi :

Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant

Sollicitum

Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt :
Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
Digna videt ; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Judice litem
Protractam, inversasque haud æquo Interprete leges ;
Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentûm ;
Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænnet amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
Enasci Mala ? num parium vaga Semina motu
Confuso implicita ; an potius fert ordine certo
Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile scælus ?
Quin age, si poteris, nondum mihi Musa resolve ;
Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jübenti ?
At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam.
In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent ;
Atra, severa Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater fœcunda Malorum.

Usque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
Venatu assiduo frustra mens anxia quærit ;
Sperat adhuc, multi post tædia longa laboris,
Post tot sollicitos requiescere suaviter annos ;
Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
Exoptat ; vitæque aliud dictante magistrâ,
Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit.

Lætitie,

Lætitiæ, miseris fine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
 Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit ;
 Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
 Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit ;
 Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
 Jam vitam comitumque agmen superâsse Malorum.
 Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
 Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
 Pondere ; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
 Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
 Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,
 Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem ; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profuit ; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo factorum munere) solis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“ Parce gravis nimium Cenfor ! cur tam aspera
 “ tradis

“ Dogmata ? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis

“ Legibus includas ? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque ?

“ Nonne Opibus pax alma datur ; non Purpura Reges,

“ Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos ?

Tota, inquam, similes subit undiq ; vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

“ Ergone per terras nusquam Pax ridet ; & omnis
 “ Scena venenati patitur contagia luctûs ?

Nulla

Nulla usquam, Pax nulla — age, conscia Musa,
dolores

Pande nimis veros; sublimius exere vocem
Mœsta sonaturam: sed vos procul ite, Profani,
Dum plectro graviore canam, sociandaque magnis
Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minùs auribus apta.
“ O mentes Hominum illusas! Formidine mortis,
Assiduis fitietis adhuc extendere votis
Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
Sperantes superesse diu, famâque perenni
Partem aliquem sævo ereptam servare sepulchro:
Utque olim nemorum gratâ sub mente nepotum
Spiretis, celsas nitidasque parabitis ædes,
Grandiaque ingenti condetis scripta labore,
Spes vanæ! labor effusus! labentibus annis
Ipse ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
Prætereunte ævo vasti membra omnia mundi
In sedes migrare alias, aliasque figuras,
Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

Musa modos revoca — Vanâ usq; illudimur umbrâ
Lætitiæ: assiduos fortitur Vita dolores.

Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
Quid Regum tituli? — En Regem sub pondere vasto
Sudantem imperii! sævo nunc auctus honore,
Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;

Nunc

Nunc ruit infelix malefanæ victima plebi.
 Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
 Et tenera insinuat fallax in corda venenum ;
 Usque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,
 Serva cohors, maculasque aliis aspergere prona.
 Egrediturne foras? numerofo milite cinctus.
 Incedit, magnâque latus stipante caterva,
 Innumeras fraudes se formidare fatetur;
 Ipsaque follicitos testatur pompa timores.
 Sit quanquam illuftris bello, fit pectore fortis,
 Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ cafibus anceps
 Volvitur, ambiguo illufus certaminis æftu,
 Afperaque incertam fequitur per tædia palmam.
 Sed redit infigni redimitus tempora lauro,
 Vota foluturus cælo folennia; curru
 Sublimi fedet excelfus, vinctique fequuntur
 Ponè Duces; fremitus effufaue gaudia mifcent
 Turba falutantûm, plaufuque ad fydera tollunt.
 Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempetumultum.
 Plebs agitat confufa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
 It captiva Cohors, miferâ sub imagine Martem
 Ancipitem oftendens, & quæ fors craftina belli.
 Alea victori meditatur fata fuperbo.
 Ipsa etiam fpolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
 Oftentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
 Damna olim fortaffe in fe ruitura, fuosque.
 Nonne dolet, recolens tot merfos funere acerbo

Heroes,

Heroas, magni quos pectoris ardor honestam
Impulit in mortem ; qui nuper gloria campi
Insignes fulcere, feris nunc præda relictæ
Alitibusque jacent ? Heu splendet flebile laurus,
Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot sanguine sparsa Virorum.

En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte secundo
Victor agit, densâ mirantûm inhiantæ catervâ !
Si tantos inter fremitus festique triumphæ
Lætitiâ undantem, secum si pauca volutet,
Ipsi successus auditaque Vota docebunt,
Quam levis instabilisque hominum, quam lubrica vita
est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
An curas supra evehitur ? nulline timores,
Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
Cognita ; num stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
Exsuperat misero luctantes corde dolores ?
Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,
Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat secum : glomerata faventûm
Turba virûm, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos ;
Si fortè instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores ;
Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis

Ut

Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O sæcus furor, & dominandi insana libido!
 Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
 Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
 Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
 An quisquam interea mirantùm ex agmine tanto,
 (Pro pudor!) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementùm,
 Defuncti laudes caneret? quisquamne lavaret
 Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani?
 Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
 Vincula, victoris post currus sordidus irem;
 Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
 Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico?

Scilicet egregios præstat Sapientia fructus!
 Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,
 Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
 Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
 Facta manent recolenda; omni quæramus ab ævo,
 Siqua unquam effulsit penitùs sine nube doloris
 Gloria; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
 Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
 Muneribus! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
 Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
 Orbis alit gremio; vasti sive ætheris oras,
 Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.

Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt?
Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
Gaudia ! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amœnâ
Per sentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
Dumeta ; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita somni
Dona refecturi vires optata ferat Nox.
Ut socium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
Criminis, infaustam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
Et nimiam heu suadam, nimisq.ue incusat amores !
Sæpe horret raucæ percussus imagine vocis,
Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen :
Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cùm dextra minacis
Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes !
Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ :
Fratr sanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.
Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.
Turpior assiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
Singula successit ; patrium scelus æmula pubes
Vicit adhuc : tandem ingentes exarsit in iras
OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit :

En formasse hominem Me pœnitet! Eripe terris
Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
Ite sinu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

Audivere Undæ Dominum: & mandata secuti
Effrænes fluctus, nimbiue immane furentes
Subjectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
Tradidit interea *Noæ* servanda fideli

Quæ voluit supereffe DEUS: naufragia mundi
Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprevit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrescentibus undis
Emergit Tellus; pacisque Insigne Columba.
Ore refert placido ramum felicis Olivæ.

At *Noæ*, licet alma fides mœrentia firmat
Pectora, ad huc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
Prospicit inde aliam faciem absmilemque priori.
Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
Squallida; prærupti hinc tollunt capita aspera montes.
Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
Parior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.
Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola reliqui.

Unde

Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
 Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
 Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

Rex quanquam illustris, quanquam OMNIPOTEN-

TIS Amicus,

At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
 Pertulit, & cæsis quæsit regna tyrannis:
 Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
 Assuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
 Jam miseram invitus mœstâ cum prole parentem
 Ejcit, ah! nudam, nemorumque par avia solas
 Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victûs:
 Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
 Spem senii, ad Morîæ fatalia culmina ducit
 Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
 Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussû TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Môsi*:
 Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
 Undique inaccesso velatum lucis amictu.
 Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscos;
 Quam brevis hæc, una vix nocte morata, Voluptas!
 Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
 Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
 A cunis usque ad tumultum! Jam tum invida nudam
 Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
 Oppressere senem insidiæ, atque adversa malorum

Agmina;

Agmina ; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
 Frustrari egregios : quin aspera Turba furore
 Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
 Quas ipsa æterni signârat Dextra J E H O V A E .
 Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores
 Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna ;
 Promissa en ! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ. ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succedunt ! quot iniqua pericula quotq; tumultus !
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius ursæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli* :
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Arduaue ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis necquicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum
 Existitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere sudet
 Majestas, quantosque ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius ! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago ;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ !
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta

Eligere,

Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,

An tolerare famem, aut savi discrimina Martis!

Occubuit tandem Genitor ; precor, ossa quiescant ;

Nulla sacrum fœdâ violare ærugine nomen

Lingua aufit : quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,

Hunc saltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem :

Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni

Hæredem instituit ; jussis me vinxit iniquis

Devotum mactare caput, cæsoque meorum

Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec mora ; continuò juvenili sanguine fervens

Dira sequor præceps crudelis jussa Parentis.

Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro ;

In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari :

Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis

Protegeret patriam ! ut leges venerandaque jura

Servaret constans ! Lætâ led mente revolve

Nequitiis fractum assiduis, turpique solum

Pellicis amplexu : fugienda exempla secutus

Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps

Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles.

Fraudibus assuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu

Jam potui, mortisque atrocia tela serenus

Dirigere ; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,

Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,

(Ambitione odii stimulos acuate) fugamque

Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.

Hic,

Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque repreſſerat iram.
 Quin do ſponte fidem, certus violare; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis ſimul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemituſque valent, nil vota preceſque;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumq; premens ſub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ore ſereno:
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, teſtorque DEI venerabile Numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluſo funera fratri.

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor! Ut libet
 atrum

Delere ex animo ſcelus! Ut prætexere vellem
 Nominibus falſis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
 Alteriuſque onerare immani crimine famam!
 Nequicquam heu! gladium ſi dextra aliena cruentem
 Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa ſecuta eſt:
 Omne meum eſt; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
 Uſque fluens curſu vix tandem abſtergere poſſit:
 Hinc ſolùm, hinc ſolitam ſperat mens conſcia pacem,
 Fletibus aſſiduis, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
 Oſtentans, noſtrum veraci carmine Muſa
 Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
 Deſcribens actæ ætatis veſtigia, pandit
 Quàm ſpes vana hominum, quàm vanæ peſtora curæ
 Exagitant; primoque à vitæ carcere ſeram

Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmque undique
acerbum !

Nugarum immensâ hac serie jam pene peractâ,
Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus :
Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque ; nec atra doloris
Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.

Cur trepidas, Ratio ? quidnam est Mors ista ? nihilne
Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultima vitæ ?
Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras ;
Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento :
Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas ;
Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
Aëra ; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
Occasus juxta insequitur, cunasque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
Novimus : hinc animo fatalia tempora forti
Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec inscia flecti
Naturæ jura incuses ; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ data lege, hilaris lætusque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, secum diversâ volutans,

Respondet

Respondet tandem, dubius metuensque futuri :
Si mecum evolvam spatium omne, quod usq; peregit
Lapforum sine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
Ex quo profiluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
Quâ primùm incepti matris concrefcere in alvo,
Aut Nîl prorsus eram, at memet saltem ipse latebam.
Rursusne in Nihilum factorum lege revertar,
Hâc artus fugiente Animâ : penitusne jacebo
Perditus, angustâque æternùm condar in urnâ ?
Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ composuere, caducos
Illapsæ in cineres, nunquamne in prîsca coibunt
Fœdera sed rerum confusâ mole solutæ,
Incipient membra in diversa aliasque figuras
Ire, nec agnoscent veteris vestigia formæ ?
An vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere sensum
Dignata est, prohibet redivivo accendier igne ?
Nulla semel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco ?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Hesperus, igne
Præcipiti pronom video descendere Solem ;
Nec longum, & radiis îsdem similique vigore
Urget iter solitum, rutilique Insigne diei
Purpureum referens, illæso ardore refulget.
Instabiles video ventos sine lege vagari,
Incertamque agitare fugam ; nunc flamine molli
Leniter aspirant, rapido nunc turbine fervent,
Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, cursum.

Fontibua

Fontibus occultis sese erumpentia primum
 Flumina, mox prona immensum glomerantur in æquor :
 Hæc fugiens abît unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluctibus assiduis lapsusque ferunter eodem :
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copiâ inexhaustis fœcunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternum lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recusant ?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles ; & primo vespere marcet ;
 Nos itidem—Eoïs ut concitus Eurus ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore ; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis ;
 Ut saxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit ; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma ;
 Sic, sic Vita fugit : quin bullula rupta brevisque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventosæque somnia velox
 Ætatis referunt iter—Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Tranfit, & æternum Mors sese extendet in ævum ?

Se certè angustis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus ; aut unde humanæ est illa infita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forsne altera & altera sedes
 Præmiaque & pœnæ, luctusque & gaudia restent ?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula somni
 Excutiant : letho pateat nova Janua vitæ ?
 Cum Sponsi lacrymosa oculos compresserit Uxor,
 Fœmineo funus gemitu planctuque secuta ;

Num dormit, paulum assueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus devictum, exsangue Cadaver :
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermefve, aut tempora lenta ; vigebit
 Usque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Gustabit sensu, horrescetque affecta dolore ?
 Illane, si pulchrè se gesserit, inscia labis,
 Dum socium amplecti dignata est corpus amico
 Fœdere, fulgentem ad patriam sedesque beatas,
 Regnaque perpetuâ surget ridentia pace ?
 Nosque Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
 Cœlicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverso ?
 Sin sese scelerum maculis & crimine multo
 Polluerit, superisne tremens depellitur oris
 Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra ; ibi cogitur ævum
 Immortale pati, æternos sentire dolores ?

Nos adeo, angusto trepidantes limite terræ,
 Fluctibus oppositis geminum circumfluit æquor :
 Flestimus hinc atque inde oculos ; dolor opprimit inde,
 Imminet hinc timor : & vario dum volvitur æstu
 Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
 Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore sic varias inter fluitante procellas,
 Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat ;
 En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
 Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis ?
 Quo more exercet sese ? quæis clauditur oris ?

Nosne illam imperio premimus, frenisq; tenemus?
Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem?
Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
Aufugere: utrinque heu! studio exercemur inani;
Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno;
Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas,
Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrestamque premit spem:
Omniaque ostendit, nobis licet usque videntur
Libera, præscriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igiur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientûm rostra, dolores
Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam

Dona Sacerdotem, & facris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis :
 Rite choram Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros :
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas : quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu :
 Per templi spatia ampla incessu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur : claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Finierant cœleste melos ; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego : Magne Pater, qui terram & sœdera torques ;
 Quo mandante ingens tenebris sese extulit Orbis ;
 Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
 Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
 Quotidie agnoscunt ; subitam sensura ruinam,
 Te vires revocante tuas ! Rex maxime Regum,
 Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia Numine complex,
 Te supplex precor : ô magni miserere doloris !

Qui potēs insanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
 Luctantesque noros frænis nimbosque feroces
 Comprimere : ô animam hanc laceram defende procellis,
 Quas miscent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido :
 Nec gravis obruat Ira, altissime Superbia saxis
 Illidat. Vestrum sed opus vaga Cymbula vestri

Sentiat

Sentiat auxilii manus : vitæque per æstus
Incertos, variasque vices, cœlestia cursum
Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore fistant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum spiritus artus,
Pertæsos vitæ, mortisque horrore trementes ;
Si forte annueris, ~~saltem~~ ut breviuscula pacis
Attingam dona, & luctu cessante quiescam ?
Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat ;
O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisque fugatis
Pande oculis meliora ; hinc Te modulamine multo,
Te citharâ celebrabo ; hinc lingua animata recenti
Lætitiâ, effuso referet tua munera cantu.
Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita supersit,
Expectentque aliæ sedes, da firma dolori
Pectora ut opponam, superemque adversa ferendo.
Arcanasque vias quanquam explorare negabis
Interius, penitusque aditus invisere sacros ;
Da tamen, ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
Spe minuens, supplex venerabile Numen adorem :
Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
Justitiæ meritos solvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram : cœlo nox ingruit atra ;
Intonat ; ingenti nutant delubra fragore ;
Alta quies subit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
Insinuat sacrum interius per corda pavorem.
Nec mora ; se erumpit multo fulgore coruscans

Clara Dies ; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt subitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balsama spirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra rosæ) latè diffunditur æra circum ;
 Irriguumque solum, cœlesti rore madescit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod frustra æquare canendo
Jessides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes suaviter aures;
 Et ferit attonitos nimiâ dulcedine sensus.
 En ! oculos quæ Formæ rapit ? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit ? cœlo delapsus aperto
 En !acer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
 Nuntius accedit ; roseoque hæc ore profatur :
 Define, Mortalis, jam tandem define finem
 Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
 Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte : rebelles
 Quin potiùs reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
 Erige ; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
 Obdurata malis, longoque assueta dolori.
 Membra gravi fractus senio assiduoque labore,
 Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis :
 Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste !) tumultus,
 Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
 Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
 Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
 Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres.

Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Offa simul tumulo dederis tua ; Spes tibi sola
Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
(Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido !)
Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,
Suadante heu ! Juvenum turbâ : mox victus atroci
Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
Deteret ; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
Utrinque attonitus ; solos neque degener hostes
Horrescit ; *Judææ* simul arma incerta timebit :
Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
Perpetuo ; lacrymosa onerabunt tempora longæ
Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
Quinetiam in geminas diviso flumine partes

Diffluet Imperium : laxos age funde dolori
 Toto corde sinus ; sævis Gens barbara ludet
 Opprobriis ; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, solis spectanda ruinis.

Altera adhuc superest visenda *Ægyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent ; uret graviore flagello
 Asperior Dominus : passura atrocius olim
 Mœsta jugum soboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confusâ clade *Nepotes*.
 Disiectos latè aspicient ; mœstique stupebunt
 Immane excidium & vastæ vestigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
 Quâ vos fuluros sera usque ad sæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hostiles ducitur in oras,
 Victorisque superbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin sacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vasa ipsa Deo templisque dicata Tyrannus
 Effærus indecõri violabit squalida vino ;
 Sacrilegosque sales inter lususque profanos
 Exultans, vetito se proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena assiduo revolubile cursu
 Tempus aget ; varias fato versante subibunt
 Regna vices ; alios dum Gens infasta dolores

Volvet

Volvēt adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenas;
Demissisque oculis & mœsto languida vultu
Lapsa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.

Hostili *Judæa* solo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immersa sedebit;
Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta salictis.
Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
Membra diu assueta, & tacitæ studiosa quietis.
Lucenti undarum in speculo nimiumque fideli
Sponsa reperiçssos formidans squallida vultus
Horrescit: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
Prospiciet sobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
Asperaue, amplexus vexantia, vinc'la queretur.
Lugebunt neglecta diu solennia Sacra
Turba Sacerdotum, percussî tristia palmis
Pectora; festorumque oblivia longa dierum
Plorantes, solvent lugubribus ora querelis.
Quin lacrymas, gemino quasi fonte, effundere possent
Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque ciere
Perpetuos; noctis super alta silentia fauces
Horrescent barathrorum atra dirasque procellas;
Et subito excussis flammaram turbine somnis,
Attoniti referent trepidanti manè popello
Mystica signa dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.
Interea miseranda Cohors, poscens Tyranno

Festivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
 Usque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
 Gaudebit? dudum siluerunt pendula plectra,
 Ora melos filuere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
 Hostili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
 Nosne iugo oppressos graviori, flagra timentes
 Aspera; & ad nutum sævi trepidare magistri
 Assuetos, humilesque trementia flectere genua;
 Nos, sordes hominum, nosne efferent alma voluptas;
 Languentesve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
 Heu longæ tandem post tædia tarda diei
 Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc summa, labores.
 Exuere ingratos paulum, fessisque soporem
 Indulgere brevem trepida inter somnia membris,
 Donec atrox redeat redeunti sole Tyrannus.
 Luctibus assueti meditemur gaudia? luctus
 Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
 Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primum
 Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?
 Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
 Protulit effrænesque jocos risusque profanos.
 Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
 Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
 O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
 Nec leges metire DEI Rationis oculo:
 Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!

Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
 Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
 Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
 Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
 Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
 Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.

Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolabile tendit
 Imperium contra; Virtute Ea consona sola,
 Quæ magni arbitrio respondent æqua JEHOVÆ.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere sensus,
 Neu penitus spes fracta cadat; solatia luctûs
 Accipe, quæ spondet vobis, Qui fallere nescit,
 Nec falli potis est.——Veniet labentibus annis
 Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
 Lætior, hostiles solvet secura catenas:

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges:
 Tempia iterum aëriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo; Sedesque verendi
 Promissa Imperii montes super ardua surget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cœlo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.

ILLE Hominum curas emolliet: ILLE dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur: ILLO
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno

Gaudia

Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.

Hoc Tibi scire satis: Superis nec panditur ultra.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ

Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres

Nominis; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,

Strenuus; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes

Pande sinus, Tibi Censor atrox, aliisque benignus;

Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,

Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum

Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore serva:

Te Justum atque Humilem præsta.—Quæ deinde locutus

Nuntius, in cælum reduci se sustulit alâ.

Pronus Ego in terrâ variisque impulsibus actus,

Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas

Sollicitus, tandem mœstos ad sydera vultus

Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar:

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Consilii Fons!

O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata

Dirigis, ardenti lucis quæ cinctus amictu

Arce sedes rutilâ; Cujus sacra ora tueri

Non Homini datur! O Terris Cœloque supreme!

Tu mihi, quodcumque est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque

Conciliâs: Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti

Vestrum Opus! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis

Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis!

PRIOR'S

PRIOR's EPIGRAM, beginning,

*When CHLOE's Picture was to VENUS
shewn, &c.*

I.

ARTE CHLOEN mirâ depictam in fluminis undâ,
Arte tuâ pictam vidit, *Hoarde*, VENUS ;
Æmula & impatiens avidis Dea vidit ocellis,
Dum formam & faciem credidit esse suam.

II.

Et quò me pictor undam, inquit, viferat audax,
Quò me defessam grata recepit aqua ?
Risit Amor ; ne tam fallat gratissimus Error,
Mater, ait ; faciem hanc jactat amata CHLOE.

For his TOMBSTONE,

To Me 'twas given to die, &c.

MORS mihi, Vita tibi datur : O Discrimina
parva !
Hinc Æquum & Justum disce timere DEUM.

VERSES

SENT TO

Mr. *PRIOR*.

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T O

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq ;On his *Carmen Sæculare*, 1700. By
JAMES MARSHALL, Esq ;**T**HE first great Man, who made the world his
own,

Enjoy'd it's treasures ; mounted ev'ry throne ;
 He for a HOMER would have giv'n it All :
 And, without Him, contemn'd the conquer'd ball :
 Envy'd ACHILLES, as the happier man,
 Whose noble praise in HOMER's numbers ran.

The mighty hero whom You celebrate,
 WILLIAM, the wise, the bold, the fortunate,
 Does old and modern Demi-Gods out-do,
 He rules the world, and has a HOMER too.
 Rules it, but not by violence, nor force ;
 Chains, howsoever gilded, are a curse :
 His pow'rful empire on men's minds is lay'd ;
 By force of reason is his scepter sway'd :
 All nations have for their own sakes obey'd.
 On his great soul depended mankind's doom :
 He first resolv'd, then knew what was to come.
 His rising beams rejoic'd the trembling fight :
 His noon restor'd an universal light.

Empires

258 VERSES *sent to Mr. PRIOR.*

Empires and States ador'd the mounting Star,
His motion bold, but sure and regular ;
Directed still by an ascendant sense,
Which, sure, comes nearest to omniscience.
E'en They who did His mighty course oppose,
Were conscious that in vain they were His foes :
His pow'rful genius o'er their counsels reign'd ;
And even the very hostile Gods were gain'd.

The World submits ; He's Arbiter of All :
The Universe is one States-General ;
Where He, the guardian of their liberties,
The Soul of All, still governs the decrees.
From pole to pole his counsels pass for laws ;
And mankind trust him with their common cause :
Thus He, and He alone, has let Us see
A real Universal Monarchy :
Alone He moves all sublunary things ;
Is God's Vicegerent, as the King of Kings ;
A theme becoming your immortal strings.

In all you sung before, the tuneful strains
Were eccho'd thro' the pleas'd admiring plains :
Sessions of Poets did approve your lays ;
Contending Wits united in your praise :
But here, inspir'd with a more noble flame ;
Full of the God, and of your greater theme ;
At once you give and get immortal fame.

Here,

Here, floods of sense from the whole mountain run :
 Here you have PINDAR, here yourself out-done.
 To the nice height the noble Work you raise ;
 And, without fiction, give the greatest praise :
 Surprize, yet softly charm, by every part,
 And give new rules in HORACE's great Art :
 A model, to adjust poetic rage ;
 Correct the former, teach the coming age.
 Here's no rude ore ; no fits of heat and cold :
 Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold.
 No forc'd, mysterious, soarings in the clouds :
 No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods.
 With such true spirit your great numbers run,
 As light'ning bold, but equal as the sun ;
 Gentle, tho' strong ; and high, yet still in sight ;
 Rapid, yet pure and easy as the light :
 Heav'n has reserv'd for You and WILLIAM's time,
 The divine secret of the true *Sublime*.

Go on great Herald of the greatest King :
 To him, and to yourself, new glories bring :
 New with each day of the new age You sing.
 And as You serve the State and Him so well,
 With spotless honour, and with wisest Zeal ;
 Still show the world that those a prince's name
 Who best can serve, are fittest to proclaim ;
 Thus Love like Your's and Love so greatly plac'd,
 Is more than PHOEBUS in the swelling breast ;

And

And that in some the bounteous Gods unite
The greatest Merit, and the greatest Wit.

How I rejoice to see Your swelling name !
And that for ever you're secure of fame ;
So that hereafter even shou'd there be
Spots in your numbers, the world wou'd not see.
Love and esteem have laid th' immortal plan ;
All praise the poet where all love the Man.
And sure, as long as faithful virtue draws
The publick voice, and merit brings applause,
While all that's kind or just deserves our love,
Your sacred Name will everlasting prove.

O Gods ! that so refin'd a soul as this
Dwells in so nice and thin a shell as his !
If Heav'n to ardent wishes wou'd be kind,
If zeal, and gratitude, and love combin'd,
Cou'd move the FATES; and if my sacrifice,
And thousands more, cou'd be a proper price
For health and years to this beloved Man,
No Patriarch-Life so many ages ran :
At least mankind shou'd him possess so long
'Till he had strung another age's song.

TO *MATTHEW PRIOR*, Esq; on his
excellent *Carmen Sæculare*. By *A. T.*
Scholar of St. JOHN'S College,
Cambridge.

I.

WHEN *PRIOR*'s Muse prepares to sing
Some God, or Godlike Hero's praise,
She soars aloft, and on her airy wing,
High as their high deserts their fame doth raise.

II.

Thus *WILLIAM*'s glory scales the sky,
Thro' rolling ages to remain;
Which neither brass nor marble can obtain,
Rais'd thus above the reach of vulgar destiny.

III.

Whither would the Muse aspire?
Unable thou to soar his Muses flight. —————
Better on earth sit humble and admire,
Tho' high she keeps within the ken of sight.

IV.

How justly due to *WILLIAM*'s name
Is all the glory of the Roman pride!
Greater than theirs how great his Fame,
When his no fullen spots can hide!

Forgetful

V.

Forgetful now of humbler themes she flies
 Above the Roman eagle's tow'ring height,
 Pursuing WILLIAM's glory thro' the skies ;
 And nought escapes her sharper fight.

VI.

She sees what Godlike pow'rs combine
 To make her hero's birth divine ;
 Sees one unhappy of the STUART race,
 Laments his faults, and covers his disgrace.

VII.

And when on England's grief she casts her eye
 The pious Muse mourns inwardly :
 Then WILLIAM sees in all his turns and cares.
 Happy in peace, and brave in wars :

VIII.

Good to his own, to other nations just,
 Whom all religions court, all factions trust :
 Sees him 'twixt different nations hold the scales,
 And as he wills the juster side prevails. —
 Whate'er she sees in lofty strains doth sing,
 And leaves the Hero perfect in the King.

IX.

Much we commend the Poet's skill,
 That so exalted sings a theme sublime ;
 But more his art to cover fatal ill —
 Such shades make WILLIAM's glory brighter shine.

X.

O! long as breath inspires this fleeting frame,
Be my example PRIOR's grateful name :
'Tho' not a DORSET shed his rays on me,
Happy am I, if but inspir'd by Thee.

To Mr. PRIOR, on his excellent Poems,
1709. *

LET Britain now at last no more complain
Of Muses flagging in an humble strain,
Nor say the soul of Poetry's retir'd,
And none since VIRGIL ought to be admir'd.
Critics may doubt, as Stoics do of pain,
But let them read thy verse, and doubt again ;
Nature and sense will force th' unwilling sound,
No Stoic doubted when he felt the wound.

In Thee old HORACE we again admire,
His easy softness, and his rapid fire,
His sounding trumpet, and complaining lyre.
Thy CLOE does more bright than his appear,
Juitier her features, more divine her air,
And longer shall endure the matchless Fair.
HOWARD escap'd while he her Picture drew,
But all are wounded as she's drawn by you ;

* The first Collection Mr. PRIOR made, was in
One Vol. 8vo.

E'en the cold Breasts, which no impression take,
Must love the picture for the painter's sake.
Others, mere Poets paint a distant fight,
Their strokes are sometimes wrong, and sometimes
right ;

You feel the war, and write with CUPID'S Dart
What VENUS dictates to your swelling heart.
Who can thy HENRY, and thy EMMA read,
Nor at the Lover's moving conflict bleed ?
Three hundred years the story liv'd before,
Your noble drefs shall fill increafe the ftore
And make it live above three hundred more.
Rough was the language, and uncouth the ftile,
You fmooth the numbers, and the roughnefs file :
Finish'd and touch'd by your refining hands,
The NUTBROWN MAID in double luftre ftands.
So an old piece o'erfpread with eating ruft,
Buried in afhes and polluting duft,
In fome dark hole for many ages lies
Unfeen, or feen contemn'd by vulgar eyes,
Till fome great Artift wipes the cloud away,
Brightens the piece with a diviner ray,
The face and form reftor'd, improv'd the lines,
Admir'd in courts and palaces it fhines.

O wond'rous Bard ! thou dost my fancy raise,
I love each verse, and I each verse would praise ;
Thou great VERTUMNUS, who dost Nature range,
Changing thy shape, still pleasing in the change ;

Here,

Here, dress'd in shining armour you appear,
 And there, a silken flowing mantle wear;
 Here, thy own PHEOBUS on OLYMPUS crown'd,
 And there, a shepherd in ADMETUS' ground,
 So like, the Gods and Goddesses might make,
 As in thy CLOE, so in THEE mistake.
 O wond'rous Bard! in whom collected shine
 The scatter'd Graces of the tuneful NINE,
 So oft we view in One diviner face
 The diff'rent beauties of a lovely race.
 One Poet has One Subject handled well,
 But who before in All Things could excel?
 Where did such humour, wit, and mirth prevail
 In the smooth tattle of a merry TALE?
 HORACE this fancy first in numbers deckt,
 And made his MICE of EPICURUS' sect,
 Not with the like success in all He drew,
 But left perfection to be reach'd by You.

But nobler objects entertain my view,
 I see the tracks where THEBAN-PINDAR flew,
 The LATIN-Bard beholds th' ambitious height,
 Changes his form, and wings him for the flight,
 Undamp'd by earthly steam, or cloudy show'r,
 To Heav'n the noble Pair sublimely tow'r.
 But who is He? what Third of BRITISH-clime
 Before in genius, as behind in time,

M

Whose

Whose pinions stretch a more than equal length,
 Of greater swiftneſs, and of greater ſtrength?
 The mighty PRIOR, He. ——— But I offend —
 Swiftly my Muſe the præcipice deſcend,
 Nor tell how WILLIAM's, and how MARLBRO's name
 Excel or THERON's, or AUGUSTUS' fame;
 Dare not thoſe acts by thy low verſe profane,
 Sacred alone to His immortal ſtrain.
 Enough for Thee with pardon to retire,
 And Bard and Heroes equally admire.

G. SEWELL. *

Ætat. 18.

To Mr. PRIOR from a Lady unknown. †

THE NYMPH whoſe Virgin-heart thy charms
 have taught
 To cheriſh LOVE, with ſecret wiſhes fraught,
 Reſerv'd at firſt, endeavours to conceal
 What She had rather die than not reveal,
 No fears the Love-ſick-Maid can long refrain,
 None read Thy verſe, or hear Thee ſpeak in vain.

* This ingenious Poet and Phyſician, was educated at *Eton*, and went from thence to St. PETER's College in *Cambridge*. He was the Author of ſeveral excellent Pieces in Verſe and Proſe; and of the Tragedy of Sir WALTER RALEGH. He practiſed at *Hampſtead*, where he died in the Year 1726. and lies there interred without any Memorial.

† ANNE, Counteſs of *Wincheſea*.

Thy

Thy melting Numbers, and polite Addrefs,
 In ev'ry FAIR raise passion to excefs.
 In either sex You never fail, we find,
 To cultivate the heart, or charm the mind,
 In raptures loft I fear not your difdain,
 But own I languish to poffefs your vein.
 As a fond bird, pleas'd with the teacher's note;
 Expend his life to raise his mimic throat,
 His little art, exerting all he can,
 Charm'd with the tune, to imitate the man:
 Rudely he chants, yet labours not in vain,
 By wild effays juft fo much fong to gain,
 As tempts his mafter to renew the ftain.
 Such is my verfe, with equal zeal I burn,
 Too happy, fhould I meet the fame return.

*An Epiftle to Mr. PRIOR, on the new
 Edition, of his Works, in Folio, 1718.*

WHILST HARLEY with more near approaches
 blest,

Enjoys Thy genius as He fhares Thy breaft,
 Can view Thy foul when freely breaking forth,
 In all the changes of it's native worth,
 Can hear Thy wit, as from Thy felf it flows,
 And fee the Poet live whole work He knows,

So that whene'er He reads Thy public song,
His thoughts with pleasure dwell upon Thy tongue.
For as Thy lines do various passions raise,
Thy vital image in His fancy plays,
He feels a warmth peculiarly confin'd,
To those who have access to read Thy mind,
When gen'rous friendship does with mirth conspire
To animate Thy sense, and light Thy fire.

I at a distance to Thy labours scan,
And only in the Muse conceive the man;
I trace the Author in His matchless lays,
Those monuments of everlasting praise.
Lest His bright image in a fainter mold,
And darkly in that glass His face behold.
Pardon, great PRIOR, if my artless draught
Reach not perfection, it is only thought;
A painter oft attempts a face unseen,
And strikes the canvas with a fancy'd mien,
The fame of beauty makes his colours flow,
And I wou'd fain describe That worth, methinks, I
know.

First then Thy easy flowing measures prove
A temper smooth, and sweetly fram'd for Love;
They shew a tender heart, and gentle mind,
Fill'd with good-nature, generous and kind:
Soft as a feather pluck'd from VENUS' Dove,
Soft as the wings that bear the God of Love,

So

So well You write Your wounds from CUPID's dart,
 In eloquence of Love so void of art,
 Your lines beguile ME, and I lose MY heart.
 A silent passion glides into My breast,
 I make Your Case my own, and think I'm blest;
 O! wou'd the Unkind Fair consent to read,
 Wou'd She submit to hear Her Lover plead,
 In spite of all Her Pride, and all Her Charms,
 She'd bend Her stubborn Neck into Thy Arms.
 CLOE wou'd soon relent, and tamely chuse,
 To be a captive to Thy pow'rful Muse,
 Thy Verse a subtil poison wou'd instil,
 By art unseen, and unsuspected kill:
 Such soft attacks Her Weakness wou'd betray,
 And force a heart of flint to melt away.
 We read how ORPHEUS rouz'd the sleeping stone,
 Did soften sullen rocks, and melt them down:
 How wildest woods did form a comely train,
 Obey His pipe, and dance along the plain:
 How savage beasts by magic numbers charm'd
 Of all their native fierceness were disarm'd:
 The Lion and the Bear at once became
 Forgetful of their rage, and gentle as the Lamb.
 And what is Music but the Poet's rhyme,
 Wak'd into tune, and manag'd into time,
 Verse is but harmony in silence bound,
 And Poetry is known to speak in sound.

Next when I read what You inscribe a Tale,
 There I find pleasing mirth and wit prevail,
 The story runs in such familiar strains,
 With so much humour, and so little pains,
 That I'm inclin'd to think 'tis only Prose,
 And that in tuneful rhyme Thy language flows:
 Poems, like these, disclose a chearful mind,
 And mark out One whom Nature hath design'd
 A fine companion, and delightful friend.
 The noblest Lord with Fortune's smiles carest,
 Who shines in state, and is with plenty blest,
 Wou'd He improve His Wit, His Taste refine,
 Sweeten His Life, with pleasure drink His Wine,
 His vacant hours agreeably beguile,
 And in the misery of grandeur smile,
 He'd take Thee to His Breast, and gladly join
 In closest amity His Soul to Thine.
 Thence by a kind conveyance He'd receive
 What neither pomp, nor wealth, nor pow'r can give:
 For what is luxury, and what is Pow'r,
 What are the blessings of a Golden-show'r,
 Without those purer blessings, which we find
 Rise from Discourse, and entertain the mind.
 The great MÆCENAS, who had all the state
 That Rome and princely favour cou'd create,
 Yet often to His HORACE wou'd retire,
 Quit CÆSAR's court to hear the Poet's lyre.

And

And if the sage PYTHAGORAS spoke true,
The soul of FLACCUS transmigrates in You:
HORACE and PRIOR distant ages knew,
Yet Both One spirit and One genius shew.
The Muses sure did o'er Their Birth preside,
And Nature's hand in Their Production guide,
Did Their first rudiments of life inspire,
With equal sweetness mixt with equal fire. *

Now I shou'd rise to a more lofty theme,
From Love and Mirth ascend to the Sublime,
Did not Thy PAULO still retard my flight,
And make me hover there with fond delight.
PAULO! a piece inimitably fine,
Just is the thought, and easy is the line,
Humour and wit in purest form appear
At once to mend the heart and charm the ear.
Wives are there taught what does a wife become,
Not to be chaste abroad and lewd at home,
For public virtue is an empty name,
Unless the private conduct be the same.
An outward form is but a sham disguise,
To cover hidden vice from mortal eyes,
True modesty is that which is unseen,
A secret spring 'of purity within.

* HORACE and PRIOR both died at the same Age 57.

So a false coiner when his metal's base
 Does on it's surface stamp the royal face,
 Borrows the image of the current coin,
 To cheat the world and cover his design;
 A gilded outside makes the forg'ry pass,
 And what we take for gold is only brass.

Well hast Thou sung Our wise Creator's praise,
 And told His mighty works in lofty lays,
 There we are taught to tremble at His name,
 And to approach with awe so great a theme.
 Surely Thy Muse has something of divine
 That durst so soon set bounds to reason's line:
 That does the proud philosopher controul,
 And check the icenes of His aspiring soul:
 That cou'd describe with such a master skill,
 How All Things rose from the Almighty's will:
 How various worlds may fill the boundless space,
 Tho' man cannot define their form or place;
 How all our thoughts are impotent and lame,
 When we presume to guess at Nature's frame;
 And the same youth with more consummate art
 Is afterwards pursu'd in ev'ry part.
 When SOLOMON from holy-writ You bring,
 A great Philosopher and potent King:
 One who had All that Nature cou'd bestow,
 And All that cou'd from Fortune's bounty flow,
 Of Beauty, Knowledge, and of Empire too.

One who we read was eminently wise,
 And saw beyond the reach of mortal eyes;
 Whose wisdom did not from instruction grow,
 Nor did it move as human learning flow,
 But was at once infus'd into His Soul,
 By beams of heav'nly light that fill'd the whole.
 And yet when Nature's-Garden You display,
 And the vast compass of the world survey,
 How short is all that Knowledge, and how blind
 The vain ambition of a feeble mind.
 Nor let the daring libertine confide
 In what his boasted pleasure can provide,
 For SOLOMON can tell that *This is Vain,*
 And that the highest pleasure's Gilded Pain.

If ABRA, whom the strongest passion warm'd,
 Who was with all the pow'r of Beauty arm'd,
 Who knew to make address with softest art,
 And with most subtile skill to touch the heart.
 If This fair concubine, and Hundreds more
 Whom that great monarch had laid up in store,
 Cou'd not give quiet to His restless mind,
 Where can the libertine then quiet find,
 False is that happiness which springs from lust,
 Various as wind, and volatile as dust.

Call now the Monarchs who divide the globe,
 And are distinguish'd by the purple robe.

Bid Them behold Thy SOLOMON, and own,
That Happiness is not the Jewel of a Crown.
Shew Them an instance there of Sov'raign sway,
Whom great and mighty nations did obey :
Who cou'd the wildest luxury supply,
By pillaging the Earth, the Sea, the Sky.
Who shone in all the glitt'ring pomp and pride
Of those who o'er the necks of subjects ride,
Saw millions trembling with a servile awe,
And tamely from His will receive the law ;
He let them see how omnipotent was pow'r,
To shed pure blessing on a single hour :
How richest crowns with a false lustre glare,
And do not yield us glory but a snare :
How for the surface only they're design'd,
To grace the body, not compose the mind.
But I forbear, for why shou'd I abuse
Thy noble genius, and deform thy Muse :
A partial transcript is a public fraud,
It robs true worth, and sends it poor abroad,
It does Thy Sense imperfectly convey,
And only stammers what it means to say.
So a fine face no painter can design
By the rude traces of a naked line,
The colours only can perfection give,
Express the air, and make the canvas live.

Go on, great PRIOR, the same steps pursue,
Much to Thy self, and to the world is due, Resume

Resume Thy Pen, and hang not up Thy Lyre, *
 Since Thou hast still the same poetic fire :
 For many subjects still remain unsung
 Among the great, the wise, the fair, the young, }
 Which to Thy Muse peculiarly belong.
 APOLLO freely will Thy Harp restore,
 Write while Love lasts, and we will ask no more.

To the Honourable MATTHEW PRIOR,
 Esq ;

AS Bards of old in nobler lays could sing,
 Refresh'd with streams from Heliconias' spring;
 So my ignobler Muse attempts to speak,
 But finds her fancy flag, Her flights too weak :
 At length with longing haste She doth repair,
 To bright Parnassius'-hill to breathe that air, }
 Where ev'ry strain is sweet, and ev'ry thought is clear.
 Lo ! there APOLLO sits in awful state,
 Around his Throne the humble Muses wait,
 Attentive to receive his sage command,
 Behind the God I saw another band.

* This, and the following Verses, allude to the FRONTISPIECE and MOTTO prefixed to Mr. PRIOR's Poems, viz.

*Nunc Arma defunctumque bello
 Barbiton hic Paries habebit.*

The

276 VERSES *sent to Mr. PRIOR.*

The looks of some bespoke their eloquence,
Of others, penury, and want of sense,
I chose the middle place, and blest my fate,
To be a guest at such a grand debate.

After our homage paid, APOLLO rose,
And did in Godlike terms his mind disclose,
Ye tuneful Nine, in pleasing songs no more,
Me as Your Master, nor Your God adore,
For loftier strains prepare the golden lyre,
Prepare a greater Patron to admire,
A Patron truly wise, and justly great,
Friend to the Muses, and support to state.

Thus spoke APOLLO; when the trembling Nine
In mournful accents their sad loss repine,
The poets sigh'd, the poetasters griev'd,
These were with gold, and those with sense reliev'd:
When the resigning oracle withdrew,
A brighter object soon approach'd our view,
APOLLO's crown adorn'd His learned head,
Around His brows the graceful bays were spread,
His mien confirm'd all that the God had said.
But as He speaks the Muses all rejoice,
To hear APOLLO's sense in PRIOR's voice;
This glorious change gave life to ev'ry bard,
And only PRIOR's worthier name was heard;

While

While the resigning God shares equal praise
 Who proves His wisdom, when He yields the bays.
 Go on, bright PHOEBUS, let Thy nobler Muse
 In ev'ry Bard more glorious thoughts infuse,
 Let Zephyr bear Thy fame with winged speed,
 Where'er MINERVA rears her awful head.
 The verdant bays shall flourish on Thy brow,
 And ev'ry poet justly stoop to You,
 Envy shall kneel at Your refulgent throne,
 Review Your actions, and Your learning own,
 Like MARS You vanquish, with poetic arm,
 Your wisdom, like APOLLO's, is a charm.
 Great PRIOR's thought each subject still refines,
 And ANNA's dust smell sweeter from his lines,
 Lines which improve HORACE's nobler theme,
 The Poet lives in You, and You in Him.
 Your muse can melt the most obdurate heart,
 And in the lover's breast new flames impart,
 You are a just exception to Our fate,
 A Poet wealthy, eminent, and great.
 And You, great Sir, who far above the rest,
 With Riches, wisdom, are so amply blest,
 How can my Muse Her juster tribute pay,
 Than where the Patron bears such mighty sway?

The

The off'ring's double, do not both refuse,
Accept the Pauper, tho' you scorn the Muse.

Cecini humillimeque obtuli,

GEO. WALDRON.

Olim Coll. REG. Oxon, 1718.

Nov. 14. 1719. *

*To Mr. PRIOR from St. John's. By
J. NEWCOME, Fellow of that
College.*

RECEIVE, Great BARD, thanks from the
meanest Muse,

(As GODS accept the virtues they infuse,)

For HARLEY's Favour, and for HARRIET's Grace,
By THEE become familiar to This Place ;

For such just honour's here to HARRIET giv'n,
As needs must please ev'n MARGARET in Heav'n.

What learned FISHER was to RICHMOND's spouse,
Be THOU to HARRIET and Her happy house ;

* Five Days before the Date of These Verses, on the 9th of *November* 1719, Mr. PRIOR had complimented Lady HARLEY in a beautiful COPY of VERSES spoken to HER in the LIBRARY of St. JOHN'S College, *Cambridge* ; which he published singly that Year.

Direct

Direct the streams of CHARITY immense,
That MARG'RET's plants may feel it's influence.

TO FEMALE-VIRTUE, and to LOVE-DIVINE,
St. JOHN's stands sacred by the ROYAL-LINE.
THOU, in obedience to the STATUTES, bow;
And on so fair foundations act Thy pious vow.

In arts and arms, MINERVA's equal care,
Thy MUSE adorns the HEROES and the FAIR.
Once more resume Thy potent Lyre, and end
The wond'rous scene! Religion's lasting Friend.
So THOU the WISEST MAN may'st imitate,
And build our TEMPLE equal to our STATE.

Ramparts and towns AMPHION's verse could raise;
To build the HOUSE of GOD be PRIOR's praise.

*Spoken by Mr. Henry Villiers, at the
Election at Westminster, 1719.*

DAN PRIOR ut cecinit JOANNES atque JO-
ANNA

Ingenio modico simplicitate pari.
Fœlix sponsa viro fœlix uxore maritus,
Coenat uterque — simul dormit uterque simul.
Non speciosa nimis non est nimis areta supellex,
Nec locuples nec egens ille vel illa fuit.

Mollia

Mollia securæ peragebant otia vitæ,
 Seu res succedat publica, five cadat.
 Par nimium foelix ! tranquillæ gaudia vitæ
 Non habuit Cæsar talia, nullus habet.

HÆ TIBI SINT ARTES.

O PRIOR, O cujus lætor cognomine, Musa
 Quam mea nunc Musam vellet addessè
 Tuam :

Tu qui primus eras pacem componere missus
 Qui digne hanc caneres carmine Solus eris.

*To Mr. PRIOR, on the Book of ECCLE-
 SIASTES, and his own Poem, called
 SOLOMON, January 20, 1719-20.*

OBT have I thought, Great BARD, in my poor
 cell,

(Where I, and care, and contemplation dwell)

How vastly far All preaching is outdone,

(Excepting That of God's eternal Son)

In 'This one Sermon of Wise SOLOMON!

For whether we His beauteous method view,

Or reas'nings, to His text, so close and true ;

Each verse the other makes more heavenly strong,

And gains fresh wonder as we read along!

So,

So, when I saw your Book—This is not PRIOR
I ravish'd said, but He whose Hebrew lyre
Before so often set my soul on fire!

}

Or if it must be His ———

Among old Rabins hitherto conceal'd,
To him some Friend this treasure hath reveal'd;
And He translating what the Preacher taught,
His Own wou'd have the lovely matter thought,
No——there I err—— for sure that gentle swain,
To purchase Fame, wou'd such mean arts disdain.
Chusing His theme then must the reason be,
Why thus he charms, and hence I find that He,
Who wou'd above himself, like PRIOR sing,
Must to a sacred subject tune the string.
Then o'er the shell as His quick finger flies,
New Graces shall at ev'ry touch surprize,
And Judgment, grown maturer, greatly rise.

}

FRANCIS PECK, *M. A.*

To the Author of SOLOMON.

HA I L honour'd BARD, the wonder of our Isle,
On Thee APOLLO and the MUSES smile,
Confest Their darling, and Thy country's pride,
By Envy's Self This truth is not deny'd.

Thy

282 VERSES *sent to Mr. PRIOR.*

Thy happy Muse and sweet recording strings
 Can best resound the Godlike acts of Kings * :
 In PINDAR's lofty strains can best declare
 Their battles, conquests, toils, and saving care,
 In peace how mild, how terrible in war !
 Thus WILLIAM, mighty WILLIAM, She began,
 Traced Him from active Youth to finish'd Man ;
 She only cou'd ascend the wond'rous height,
 And set each action in it's proper light,
 The Boyne and Namur's haughty towers recite :
 His glorious life She made Her swelling theme,
 And in immortal verse preserv'd His endless fame.

‡ Again She spreads Her wings, and takes Her way,
 Tow'ring does ANNA's glories all display,
 Bright as the beams which yield the rising day :
 In melting accents does Her wonders sing,
 How flowing blessings from each action spring.
 How just She governs, and how well She reigns,
 And as She dictates still kind Heav'n ordains :
 How great and good, how ready to oppose
 Her glorious arms against tyrannic foes,
 And shield the lab'ring Empire from impending woes.

* CARMEN SECULARE, printed in 1700, in Praise of King WILLIAM.

‡ Letter to BOILEAU on the Victory at *Bleinheim*.

Fearless of Earth, of Air, of Seas, or Skies,
 Thy Muse does like the famous Mantuan's † rise,
 Nor stops Her course, but still pursues Her flight,
 To distant regions thro' ætherial light;
 Descends a while on Bleinheim's hostile plain,
 Beholds the battle, trophies, numbers slain,
 And upward springs, describes the glitt'ring scene.
 How LEWIS lost what BOILEAU ne'er can tell,
 How MARLBRO' conquer'd, and how TALLARD fell;
 To grace the triumphs of the victor's cause,
 Who wins Our hearts and merits Our applause,
 And frees the joyful world from arbitrary laws.

Now SOLOMON the Wise Your harp has strung,
 In sweeter sounds sure none e'er better sung,
 Illustrious SOLOMON, great Israel's King,
 Inspires Your Muse in heav'nly notes to sing.
 In You the tuneful DRYDEN will survive,
 In You the Majesty of Verse shall live,
 And flourish green, nor ever shall decay,
 Whilst PHOEBUS rules, and runs his destin'd way
 Take then the bays from DRYDEN's sacred tomb,
 And bless the present age and that to come:
 With lasting numbers, never dying strains,
 Peculiar to Your Self without extreams,
 Like DENHAM's Thames, deep, gentle, clear, and free,
 Rolling in silver streams with constant harmony.

284 VERSES *sent to Mr. PRIOR.*

Whate'er You sung before gain'd just applause,
 And this New Work new admiration draws,
 Contending Poets all approve Your lays,
 And all unite in Your deserving praise,
 Matchless Your genius takes its noble flight,
 And soars sublime perceptible to sight ;
 Each word's a sentence, and each polish'd line,
 Adorns and makes our English language shine,
 The WISE MAN'S Wisdom's nearest to Divine. }

Here, noble Monarch, here Your self's outdone,
 (He, holy DAVID's ; You, APOLLO's Son)
 Here we behold Him seated on His throne,
 With all His lustre, all His glory on,
 Admir'd, rever'd, and mighty in renown. }
 Master of all indulgent Heav'n cou'd give,
 Blest with whate'er He ask'd or cou'd receive, }
 To make His glory last, his name for ever live. }

Amidst these lines with pleasure we may see
 The Western Queen with splendid majesty,
 Greater than SOLOMON if greater e'er cou'd be. }

Here Knowledge shines in a poetic dress,
 And boundless Pleasure amply You rehearse,
 Great Power last You copiously define,
 In ev'ry subject Art and Nature join ; —

Concluding

Concluding with the Preacher, *All is Vain*,
 This life a maze of anxious woes and pain,
 Where nought but follies and vexations reign.
 Unmix'd no happiness can well be found,
 Altho' with Power, Knowledge, Pleasure crown'd,
 For intervals of Grief and Joy alternately go round.

O still go on and let Your Muse aspire,
 Full of the God that does Your breast inspire,
 New themes explore, and touch the trembling lyre.
 O charm again the pleas'd and list'ning throng,
 Who dwell upon the music of Your tongue,
 And let unrivall'd numbers still compleat the song.

Thus passing on the fleeting hours of life,
 Secur'd from busy ills and noisy strife,
 Retir'd from flatt'ring courts, and free at ease,
 In books delighting, and in friends that please,
 Enjoy the blessings of a Halcyon peace.

Pardon, great Sir, the Muse that dare address
 Accept my honest heart, tho' mean my verse,
 Commending is Her aim, but She's too weak,
 Yet pleasing raptures thus from Her will break.
 Thus She attempts Her humble voice to raise,
 To sing the Man She loves, the Man She'd praise:
 But O Thy merits are beyond Her strain,
 Deserve a noble Muse, a loftier Pen.

Had

Had She but Art and Skill to paint like Thee,
 Lasting like Thine, Her colours then shou'd be,
 Each touch each line shou'd ev'ry vice controul,
 Delight the mind, and captivate the soul.
 Her pencil shou'd with pleasing truth impart
 Thy floods of fancy, thy transcending art,
 Shou'd all around Thy just deserts proclaim,
 In golden characters record thy name,
 And place the foremost in the rolls of Fame.
 Distinguish'd lawrels should Thy temples crown,
 For ever flourishing as Thy renown,
 'Thy innate virtues She shou'd too display
 In all Their lustre, all Their bright array.
 All all Thy acts of Friendship shou'd appear,
 The speaking canvas shew them fair and clear,
 Thy gen'rous goodness shou'd be still confess'd,
 By Men rever'd, and by kind Heaven blest :
 'Thus Her unerring Piece she shou'd compleat,
 And like Thy Self describe Thee truly Great.
 But doom'd to grov'ling earth She can no more,
 Nature is wanting, artless is Her pow'r :
 Nor dare she rise, too piercing is the light,
 Fearful to perish in a loftier flight,
 And sink like Icarus in shades of night.
 Each coming day shall it's New pleasure bring,
 And yield New matter for Your Muse to sing :

Promulge

Promulge then, Sir, the product of Your Mind,
 With solid Judgment blest and sense refin'd,
 So shall Your sprightly Wit be ever unconfin'd.
 So shall Your Works eternalize Your Fame,
 And latest Ages own great PRIOR's Name.

Written under the Picture of the Honourable Mr. PRIOR, July 21, 1720, His BIRTH-DAY.

I.

MARO and HORACE equally Divine
 Arise in Thee, great BARD, Their lays are
 Thine,
 Their heav'nly lays in Thee collected shine.

II.

PARNASSUS' bright abode! that sacred choir,
 Resounds Thy praise, APOLLO strikes the lyre,
 In strains divine They chant Thee, fav'rite Son,
 On Thee they dwell, on Thee our SOLOMON;
 Renown'd for Treaties made, and Verse immortal
 known.

A. DRIFT.

To

ge

To the Honourable Mr. PRIOR, presented to him on his BIRTH-DAY.

I.

O Dearest Master, Father, Friend,
 Gracious receive what DRIFT has penn'd;
 O let these lines to Thee impart
 The dictates of Thy servant's heart.

II.

This happy Day he does implore
 That Thou will read One paper more,
 Which in a faithful state contains
 Thy ADRIAN's losses and His gains.

III.

This done His Mind will be at rest,
 Who of mankind loves Thee the best,
 Thus let His fortune fall or rise,
 In Thee he Lives, without Thee Dies. *

On a Report of Mr. PRIOR's Death.

I.

WIT, Sense and Learning, massacred of late,
 By Bards, who pour like Goths and Vandals in,
 A cry for vengeance reach'd the Thunder's seat,
 And vengeance just was ripen'd for the fin.

* With these Verses, Mr. DRIFT delivered to Mr. PRIOR his Annual Account. When

II.

Whe lo ! MAT. PRIOR, starting from the crowd,
 Cry'd " Sov'raign JOVE, a-while Thy thunder
 cease," ———
 JOVE smiled serene, and an aerial cloud
 To MATTHEW hence, to meditate a peace.

III.

Be hush, ye mungrel brood, 'till His return ;
 Nor, rashly-rimeing say, " The Poet's dead : "
 What tho' he were ? It is not Yours to mourn,
 Who ne'er in Verse can un-inspir'd succeed.

IV.

When PRIOR bids the BRITISH-Isles adieu,
 A CONGREVE, POPE, or GAY, shall weep His
 praise :
 They, only skill'd, their absent Brother knew,
 Nor will the public relish meaner lays.

*On Seeing the FUNERAL of Mr.
PRIOR, in Westminster-Abbey.*

TO see this solemn scene, this pomp of woe,
In mournful order and procession go ;
Crowds fill this awful dome, this gloomy place,
And pensive sorrow fits on ev'ry face.
COWLEY and laurell'd DRYDEN seem'd to smile,
To see great PRIOR bury'd in Their Isle ;
Greatly rejoic'd each venerable bust,
To see Him mingled with poetic dust.
The choir in anthems Chanted o'er his urn,
But all spectators round his grave did Mourn ;
My flowing tears did then their tribute pay,
To think He'd moulder into common clay,
O sacred Mould ! thy WORKS will e'er be read,
And PRIOR's Name will Live, tho' PRIOR's dead.

A. DRIFT.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

TIBULLUS and *OVID*.

*The Fourth ELEGY of the second Book
of TIBULLUS.*

I See the Fetters I am doom'd to wear,
And see the Nymph for whom I those must bear.
Freedom farewell! O how it galls my heart
To say farewell, and that we now must part!
Why must a Lover's bondage be so hard,
Who serves a Nymph that never will reward?
A Nymph to love, who ne'er will ease my pains,
Or free me from this clogging weight of chains?
Yet undeserving, or deserving, I
Struck by her eyes, in flames consuming die.
Nymph, pity him, who does so fiercely burn,
Extinguish mine, or Fire for Fire return.
O! rather than endure such misery,
What wou'd I not perform, or chuse to be.

Much rather wou'd I be a stone, and lie
Expos'd to all the anger of the sky ;
Or else some rock, which in the wat'ry plains
The winter shocks of wave and wind sustains.
For now alas ! how tedious is the light,
Yet much more irksome is despairing night :
For ah ! what can delight when pains increase,
And warring passions rob the soul of peace.
Soft verse no more can ease distracted grief ;
It's God by neither art can bring relief ;
Nor tender words the greedy Maid can move,
Gold is the charm in Her which raises Love.
Fond, idle Muse be gone ! you sing in vain,
Since thus you cannot ease a Lover's pain.
For that alone I only begg'd your aid ;
I for no kindly Inspiration pray'd,
That of embattled legions I might write,
Or paint the various horrors of a fight ;
Or that I might describe the changing moon,
Or travel thro' the zodiac with the sun.
Love was my aim, Love made me try your art,
In hopes of vanquishing NEÆRA's heart.
But since whene'er my tender song she reads,
The verse no symptoms of a passion breeds,
Since no flushed cheeks or kind disorder shows
She feels that Thing she cares not to disclose ;

Since

Since all thy art can't force my Nymph to spare
One sigh, one tear, one look, to cure despair;
Be gone thou useless, trifling Muse! no more
Impose upon my time, as heretofore;
For I unpity'd at her door must lie,
Unless by rapine I admittance buy.
With sacrilegious hands I must invade
The Temples of the GODS, to please the MAID.
But violated VENUS all shall pay,
The trophies from her shrines I'll bear away,
Since me she forc'd upon this sacrilegious way.
She made me wear this greedy woman's chain,
Whose soul is av'rice, and whose passion gain.
O! may he ne'er without a curse be nam'd,
Who first the gen'rous way of Love defam'd;
Who first for hearts did sordid traffic hold,
And taught the Nymph to barter Love for gold.
He was the cause, hence we these plagues endure,
Hence baying dogs and locks the door secure.
But bring the gold at which her charms she rates,
And the no ratt'ling chains secure the gates;
No stop you meet, at gold all open flies,
And the still Mastiff in his kennel lies.
Pity! that Heav'n to this fair frame a mind
Shou'd give to avarice so much inclin'd.
And cancell'd beauty with so black a stain,
O! what attracting charms were made in vain:

Hence wars and quarrels rise ; the Deity
 Of Love's from hence defil'd with infamy.
 But mayst thou, Girl, who canst a market hold,
 So poorly for thy charms, and sell thy self for gold ;
 Mayst thou, to warn the rest of womankind,
 Equal to such a sin a penance find !
 May winds and flames thy ill-got treasure share,
 And not one God attend thy mournful pray'r !
 May no youth help the raging fire to tame,
 But joy to hear thy riches crackle in the flame !
 Nay shou'd'st thou die, no one wou'd drop a tear,
 Or strew a flow'r upon thy wretched bier.
 Whereas shou'd one, tho' ne'er so much decay'd,
 Die, who has never known thy guilty trade,
 She surely wou'd be pity'd as she lies
 Upon the pile, with sighing breasts, and weeping eyes.
 He who has had her youthful love, wou'd come
 And scatter sprigs of cypress on her tomb ;
 Wou'd then deplore her fate in Elegy,
 And wish that on her limbs the earth may lightly lie.
 'Tis truth I sing ; but what does truth avail ?
 I love, and only can her-way prevail :
 At her command all, all, should turn to gold,
 Nor house, nor household-God, remain unfold.
 Take all the drugs that CIRCÉ ever knew,
 Or dire MÉDEA ; or pois'nous herbs that grew

In fatal Thessaly's abandon'd fields;
Take that dread lump the new-foal'd courser yields,
Which from his front the mother-mare divides,
Where on the plains unlicens'd love presides;
Let all the Philters in one draught be hurl'd,
That all the witches know in all the world;
And let NEÆRA mix them: If the Maid
With one kind look will bid me be o'er-paid,
Will crown my past, and seal my future trust,
I'll drink it all, and drink it with a gust.

THE
THIRD ELEGY
OF THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
T I B U L L U S.

NOT that I may in worldly wealth abound,
Not that my flocks may thrive, or fruitful
ground.

May load my barns with such prodigious store
Of grain, till fill'd, they can receive no more,

Does daily Incense on my altars smoke,
 Or I so often do the Gods invoke.
 A greater blessing I of Heav'n require,
 O may it hear, and grant me my desire !
 'Tis that I may with thee be ever blest,
 Of a long lease of life and love possesst :
 'Tis that I ne'er may feel another's charms,
 But as I liv'd, so die within thy arms.
 What tho' my bags swell with unnumber'd gold,
 What tho', thus rich, I round me do behold
 My thousand-oxen in my thousand-fields,
 Where the fat soil both grain and pasture yields,
 What tho' my house on marble columns stand,
 (With cost imported from the Phrygian strand,
 Or shipp'd from Tænarus, and dearly bought,
 Or thine, Carystos, curiously inwrought)
 Grac'd with a gilded roof or golden gate,
 With all things else becoming regal state ;
 What tho' on beds of softest down I lie,
 And sweat beneath the noblest Tyrian-dye ;
 What tho' I have wherewith the croud to move,
 Tho' I by condescension gain their love ;
 Yet oft their love's succeeded by their spite
 Who seldom place their wav'ring fancy right :
 Yet all this pomp my grief can't countervail ;
 For leaden care will turn the golden scale,
 And Fortune with her gifts may take the next fair
 gale.

 }
 So

So Fate will make me but possess'd of Thee,
 May I be closely prest with poverty !
 Without Thee, for thou mak'st my wishes full,
 Courts wou'd displease, and pomp wou'd seem but dull.
 O how that day by me wou'd still be blest,
 By a white stone distinguish'd from the rest,
 That gives *NEÆRA* to this longing breast !
 But if the *GODS* deny my Nymph's return,
 Resolv'd that I her absence here shall mourn,
 For all the Pray'rs I make, and Incense burn ;
 Not all the wealth this mighty globe contains,
 Nor all which in the ocean yet remains,
 Can me delight ; for they are glitt'ring joys,
 And tinsel ware to love's substantial toys ;
 Counters and gewgaws to please froward boys.
 Let others take them ; but let me be blest,
 Ye *GODS* ! with love, with privacy, and rest.
 Propitious *JUNO*, as my pray'rs ascend,
 Receive them gracious, and thy succour lend !
 And thou, bright *VENUS*, guardian of her charms,
 Assist—restore *NEÆRA* to these arms !
 But if the *FATES*, for who can *FATE* withstand ?
 Refuse this blessing to her native land ;
 If the sad sisters spin out all their store,
 And leave her life-less on a foreign shore ;
 May *PLUTO* call me to the shades below ;
 To follow her I unreluctant go,
 Where lazily along the livid waters flow !

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THE
TWELFTH ELEGY
OF THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
TIBULLUS.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

NO Woman e'er shall draw me from your arms ;
I now defy the force of other charms.

My plighted faith shall firm remain to you ;
I'll to that vow which seal'd our loves be true.
You're my delight, 'tis you alone I prize ;
All other Maids seem odious to my eyes.

O that none could your charming features see,
That none had eyes, none eyes excepting me !
Or that you could your glorious beauty shroud,
Retiring, like the sun, behind a cloud
Of borrow'd ugliness, to cheat the gaping croud.

Then should I not suspect my charming Maid
Of being false, or think my love betray'd.

I no ambition have that prat'ling Fame
My choice approving, should your charms proclaim.

Nor would I envy in a rival race ;
I would have none to see, that none may praise.

He that is wise will keep his joys conceal'd ;

Joys always lessen when they are reveal'd.

With

With Thee I could in barren desarts dwell ;
Nor courts could please without Thee half so well.
With thee I could o'er rocks and mountains stray, .
Where yet no human feet e'er made a way:
In Thee my cares would soften, I should find
Thy arms a balm for my distemper'd mind.
Thy pow'rful eyes would in the darkest night
Perform a miracle, and make it light.
No other objects I'd desire to see,
But gaze, in desarts gaze, eternally on Thee.
Shou'd e'en the Gods themselves send from above
New beauties, to subdue my faith and love ;
Should VENUS try herself to make me burn,
She should despair, and as she came return.
All this I do by sacred JUNO swear
For Thee—and JUNO duly I revere.
Ah fool! that thus I let you know your pow'r;
I've lost my freedom from this fatal hour.
You will no pity shew, no mercy have,
But act outright the tyrant on your slave.
Well, I've betray'd myself, and all will own,
I do confess I'm yours, and yours alone.
I am, and ever will Your slave remain ;
Nor will I strive to break, but hug my chain.
Nor do my flames decrease ; no, no, I burn,
Tho' my approaching Love you check'd with scorn.
Now I the folly of my Tongue shall feel,
The fatal secret it could not conceal.

But

But be advis'd, and do not on this score
 Shew me less favour, or insult me more,
 Lest I of VENUS succour should implore.
 Doubtless such cruelty enrag'd to see,
 You she would soon dethrone, and set up ME.

OVID's *Amours*, Book III, *Elegy* III,
Imitated.

CLOE, since You a handsome Woman are,
 And consequently frail as You are fair,
 Be not to any of my rivals coy,
 But all the sweets of liberty enjoy ;
 Thro' ev'ry various scene of loving rove,
 And to the best Your youth and charms improve :
 I all this freedom can with ease allow ;
 I meant not to confine You to a vow ;
 Provided that You act with secrecy,
 And keep Your jilting tricks conceal'd from Me.
 She sins not to the world who can deny,
 And brazen out the rumour with a lye.
 'Tis folly, nay, 'tis madness, to reveal
 That which You can but any way conceal.
 You what the world wou'd ne'er suspect proclaim,
 And double by Your impudence Your shame.
 The lewdest, bawdy't drab in all the town
 Will shut the door, before she lays her down.

It's

It's not enough that Fame proclaims Your guilt,
 But You, Your self, must tell, You are a jilt?
 For your Own-sake be with Your pleasures wife,
 And since at least under a chaste disguise.
 Nay, if to Me, Your tricks shou'd be betray'd,
 Vow they're all false, and that the world are mad;
 Blush, weep, sigh, rage, and all Your passions vent,
 As if You did Your injur'd fame lament;

And I shall fondly think You innocent.

When to some secret grotto You resort,
 That Love will suit, conceal the am'rous sport:
 There then unmask'd let loose Your fierce desire,
 In flame with ev'ry lech'rous trick Your fire,
 Thy soul in it's own native dress expose,
 And what, without disguise, You are disclose:
 Baulk nothing that can add to Your delight,
 But vig'rously pursue Love's pleasing fight.

Without a blush Your folding arms fast lock,
 That links You closer, and improves the shock.
 Your tongue to His in humid kisses dart,
 And let each single member have a part.
 As still You're acting the soft scenes of Love,
 Your body in a thousand postures move;
 Art does the dry insipid act advance,
 And diff'rent motion does the bliss inhance.

All dying, am'rous, soft, expressions use,
 Your melting looks new vigour will infuse,
 But when You meet Me, do not disabuse:

Hide

Hide with Thy waving robe the rising blush,
 By strong denial all suspicion crush,
 Till scandal's self confirm the gen'ral hush.
 To Me, to all the world Thy truth declare,
 That if deceiv'd, unknowing I may err.

My dear credulity O ne'er destroy,
 That paradise of fools let me enjoy.

But why! ah why! so often must I see
 The Billet sent, and brought again to Thee?
 Why deep indented, when I come, is seen
 The couch without, the conscious bed within;
 And ev'ry seat a witness of Thy sin?

Why discompos'd the ringlets of Thy hair,
 More than with sleep? Why all Thy bosom bare,
 And all the marks of Love imprinted there?
 Lost reputation tho' You may despise,
 Set not at least Your guilt before my Eyes.

Consider Me, if not Your ruin'd fame;
 To Me 'tis death, to You what is not shame.

When You confess, I feel the fatal pains,
 And the chill'd blood creeps slowly thro' my veins.

But ah! in vain Thy falsehood I wou'd hate:
 No; I must love Thee, faithless and ingrate!
 Ev'n while I fly from Thy destructive charms,

I wish my self expiring in thy arms,
 O then conceal what I shall not enquire!

Did not Thy conduct blow it to a fire,
 Each spark of jealousy wou'd soon expire.

Nay,

Nay, wert Thou taken in the guilty ast,
 And ev'n these eyes were witness to the fact,
 What well I saw, as well would'st Thou deny,
 And swear My sense impos'd on Me a lye,
 My willing eyes their evidence shou'd quit,
 And all my soul in sorrow shou'd submit.
 Prepar'd to yield, how easy is thy task!
 To say, 'Tis false, is all that I can ask,
 And since two words Thy conquest may secure,
 And since Thy judge, if not Thy cause, is sure,
 At least, be Constant in a fix'd Denial;
 Thy Truth, my Girl, shall never come on Trial.

*To Matthew Prior, Esq; May you enjoy
 all Manner of Happiness you can desire
 this New Year, and as many more as
 you can wish for.*

HALSTEAD, New-Year's-Day, 1719.
TO receive a Letter from the greatest Man this
 Age hath produced, (the learned Mr. PRIOR)
 it's a greater Favour than from the greatest Duke of
 the *English* Nation; especially as it takes Notice of two
 such valuable Friends as Mr. WILLIAMSON and Mr.
 SHELTON, being obliged in a particular, friendly Man-
 ner to them both.

Without any Reflections of *paying for the Greek**,

* Mr. PRIOR, when he was about purchasing *Down-Hall*, enquired of Mr. MORLEY, upon his praising the Water, whether it was fit for the Goddesses *ΘΕΑ, i. e. TEA.*
never.

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never delivered; or returning Merchandize, never in Possession; or drinking Healths in better Liquor than hot Water.

These Expressions seem to tell me, my good Friend Mr. PRIOR hath not been in good Hands lately, or kept such Company as usual, which I cannot forbear being concerned for.

The serious part of your Letter confirms my Belief of your being in Earnest about *Down-Hall*, which I think will please, if obtained on reasonable Terms: Our Friend OLIVER MARTON hath been careful of this Affair, and he told me by last Post I am to meet the Owner, and have the refusal at my next being in Town, *viz.* the 12th Instant. But if any unforeseen Accident should alter that Day, if you please to order your Servant to call at *DoverStreet*, on the 9th Evening, you will receive an Account thereof.

I am,

Honoured S I R,

Your obliged and

Most ready Servant,

JOHN MORLEY.

DOWN-HALL well seated near a Wood,
It's Situation fine! the Prospect good,
A purling Stream runs tho' the Ground,
Where Draughts in Plenty may be found:
The Water's good, pleasant, soft, and free,
The best I know for making TEA.

P. S.

P. S. I design to wait on my Friend Mr. DRIFT, with the *Maxims*, and pay him ready Money for his FRENCH WARES*.

N. B. We endeavoured to recover Mr. PRIOR's Letter to Mr. MORLEY; but find, by the following obliging Answer from his SON, that it is not in his Custody.

To Mr. J. B. the Editor of Mr. PRIOR's
Posthumous Works.

S I R,

Y OUR's of the 12th Instant I received. I have no LETTER or POEM of Mr. PRIOR's, neither have I ever seen any second Part of the Ballad of DOWN-HALL; if I had any Thing I could serve you in, I should very willingly do it; and when I come to London, I shall endeavour to wait on you. In the mean Time I remain,

Your humble Servant,

HALSTEAD,
April 16, 1739

JOHN MORLEY.

* Mr. DRIFT had lent Mr. MORLEY, The *Moral Maxims* of ROCHEFOUCAULT, which he intended to keep, and herein promises to pay him for.

To JOHN MORLEY, *Esq;* * of Halstead
in Essex, on his Birth-Day.

WHEN MAN'S Good-Genius view'd the world
around,
Therein so many useleſs Mortals found,
Big with concern at the unwelcome fight,
Doubled Her ſpeed, and homewards wing'd Her flight;
Nature, who ſent Her, quickly ask'd to ſee
A true account of Her great embaffy;
Loth, but oblig'd to tell, She ſhook Her head,
And in bemoaning accents thus She ſaid;
My labour is as fruitleſs as your pains,
I've ſearch'd Below, and find ſuch ſmall remains }
Of ſenſe, Men ſay you form'd them without brains. }
Nature at This was wrath, and in Her rage,
Vow'd She'd create anew, and mend the AGE,
After a pauſe, reſolv'd to bleſs the earth,
And from Her maſter-piece, gave MORLEY birth;
The gen'rous gift He gratefully improv'd,
Serv'd All mankind and was by All belov'd;
As years increas'd the Man in knowledge grew,
Excell'd by None, and equall'd but by Few, }
Faithful as Wiſe, in ev'ry action True. }

* He was bred a BUTCHER, but by his Induſtry
became the greateſt LAND-JOBBER in *England*.

Pleas'd that Her hopeful offspring thus obeys
 Her dictates, Nature gives Him length of days,
 And as He waxes old, still mellows not decays.
 Such fruit in Nature's garden's feldom seen,
 Mellow when old ; full ripe, but never green ;
 Were All like Him, She need no more create,
 But Nature bud, and He inoculate ;
 And can the happy world such wonders see,
 And each revolving year not think o' Thee ?
 Can we review the actions *Thou hast done*,
 And not with grief regret *Thy setting-sun* ?
 No ; with concern and gratitude we'll pray,
 Not ev'ry year for life, but ev'ry day.
 Live on—and let unnumber'd happy years,
 Yet swell our joys, and dissipate our tears ;
 A brighter scene yet never grac'd the stage,
 O may'st Thou shine to NESTOR's wond'rous age !
 But—as great Nature's task you must fulfil,
 And the worn-wheel of weary life stand still ;
 Then you like season'd corn shall fall in peace,
 And reap the harvest of a blest increase.
 Whilst future ages in a pleasing strife,
 Shall imitate the actions of Thy life ;

And

And who can most excel, with Truth shall say,
This was what MORLEY practis'd every day.

GEORGE WALDRON.*

* This Gentleman was descended from an antient Family in *Essex*, and educated at *Felstead-School*, in that County, from whence he went to *Queen's-College, Oxon.* He died in the Year 1730. His WORKS in VERSE and PROSE were published the Year following, by Subscription, for the Benefit of his Widow and Orphans, in Folio, at Two Guineas.



F I N I S.

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